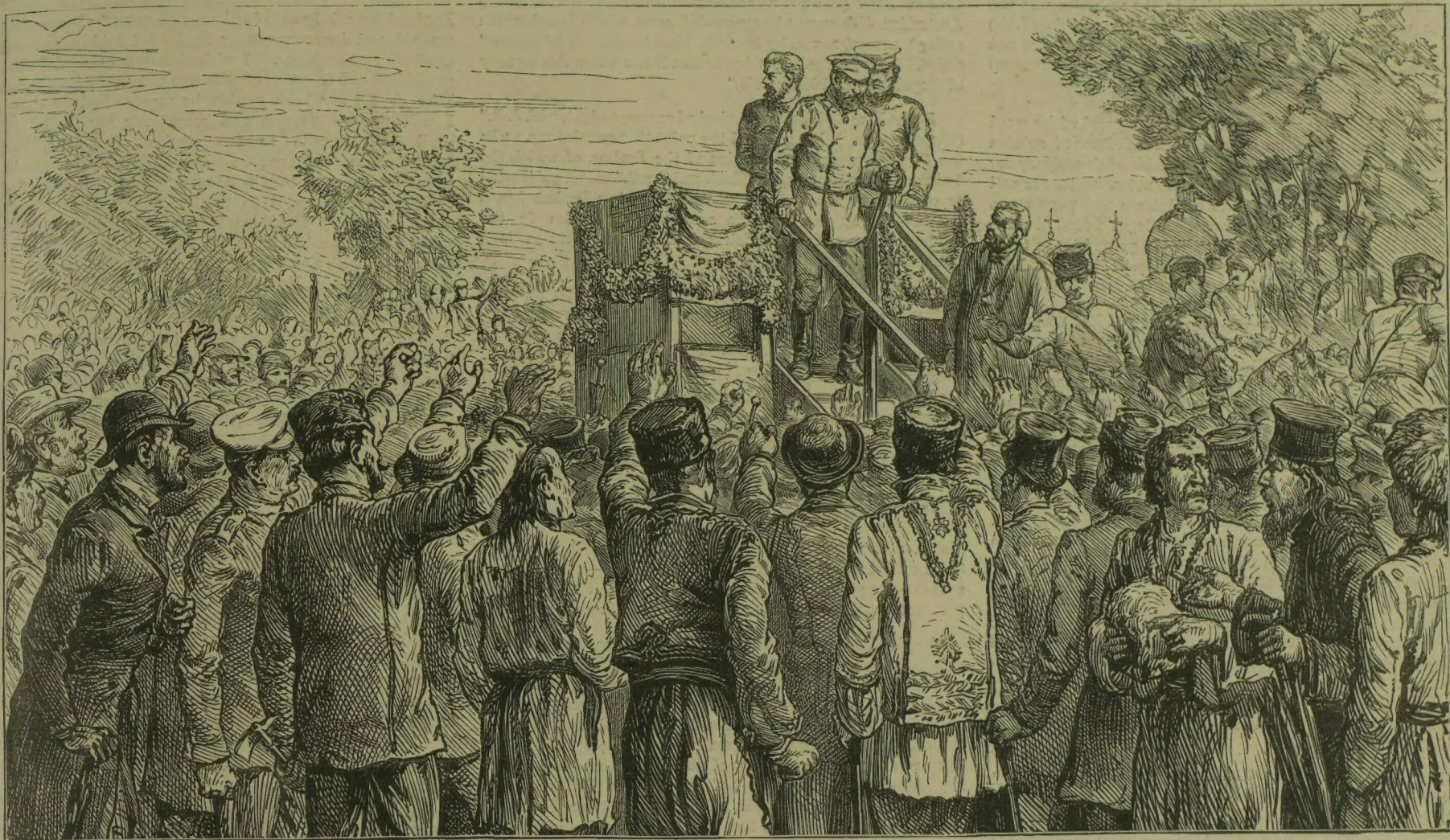


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

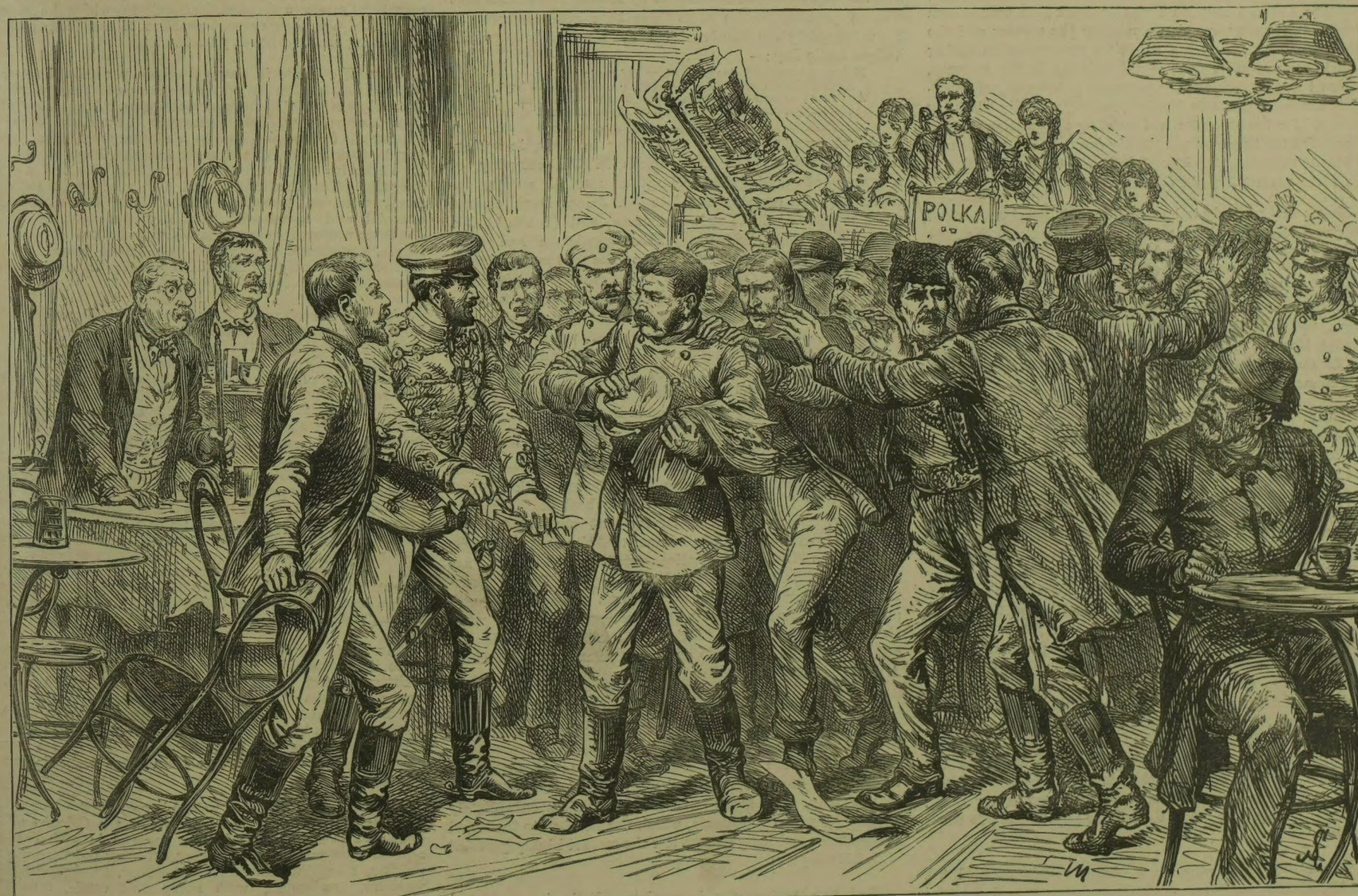
No. 2478.—VOL. LXXXIX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

WITH SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.  
AND COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6d.



GENERAL KAULBARS INTERRUPTED AT A PUBLIC MEETING AT SOFIA.



THE MESSENGER OF THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE TURNED OUT OF A COFFEE-HOUSE AT SOFIA.

RECEPTION OF THE RUSSIAN AGENTS IN BULGARIA.

FROM SKETCHES BY M. UKRIUKICS.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I went on Monday, Oct. 11, to St. James's Hall, to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lecture on "Evolution and Religion." The vast area of the hall was crowded; so were the balconies, the gallery, and the orchestra behind the lecturer. I am not aware of the precise acoustic properties (for oratory, at least) possessed by St. James's Hall; but there was only one reminder of "Speak up!" from the extremity of the room during the lecture. Mr. Beecher treated the admonition very characteristically, "I should have to speak very low down to reach you," he said to his monitor. On the whole, I should say that the reverend speaker, during an address which lasted an hour and a half, was audible to the great majority of the immense audience. There was, it is true, one gentleman high in the orchestra who put up an umbrella at one of the most exciting periods of the lecture. Whatever his purpose may have been, it was not apparently successfully accomplished, for he speedily shut up the instrument with a vicious bang, and vanished.

I liked the oration very much. I scarcely agreed with a word that the reverend gentleman said; still, difference of opinion should neither alter friendship nor enfeeble one's capacity for admiring talent and worth. But was it not a mistake to call the address a lecture? It was, to all intents and purposes, a sermon, with the right of applause. A legal friend of mine once objected to hearing sermons, on the ground that "there was no right of reply." I came away quite delighted, and the bulk of the audience seemed equally pleased.

Mem.: When in New York, in January, 1864, when Mr. Beecher was at the height of popularity as minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, I heard a good story about him one Saturday night at the Century Club. A young man from the country, who had been introduced to the famous preacher, asked him how he should find his way to Plymouth Church. "Take the ferry and follow the crowd," promptly replied the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. Augustus Harris, the enterprising lessee and manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, has had a dispute with his dustman. Mr. Harris was naturally anxious that the sweepings of the theatre should be removed with regularity and dispatch; but the dust contractor contended that the sweepings in question were really trade refuse under the provisions of the Act of Parliament in that case made and provided, and that he must be paid for removing the rubbish. The parties not being able to agree, went up to Bow-street: on the part of Mr. Harris "samples" of the sweepings were produced, and Mr. Bridge, the magistrate, decided that the refuse was not "trade" refuse under the Act, and that the contractor must perform his contract. Dust-ho!

Mem.: If the editor of any magazine or periodical would like an article from my pen I should be happy to supply him with one—say, ten octavo pages in length—on the "sweepings" of a great theatre. I have done in my time almost everything it is possible to do in a theatre, with the exception of acting on the stage. I never performed the smallest part in any play; but when I was a raw lad I was engaged at a well-known metropolitan theatre to assist in painting the scenery and the "properties," modelling the masks for the pantomime, taking stock in the wardrobe, counting the checks in the treasury, copying the parts when a new piece was to be produced, translating French farces into English, and occasionally "holding the book" for the prompter, and assisting the gentleman who officiated at the triangles and the big drum in the orchestra—all for the magnificent salary of fifteen shillings a week; so that I know something about the "sweepings" of a theatre.

Mem.: Can anybody tell me what was the real meaning of the green cloth which was formerly laid down on the stage when a tragedy was performed, and whether the practice of so laying it down has become wholly obsolete? I have one solution to the effect that in former times the nobility were in the habit of bestowing discarded Court suits on favourite actors, and that the green cloth was provided to prevent Hamlet, Horatio, Macbeth, Romeo, Othello, Mercutio, Tybalt, and Richard III. from spoiling their fine clothes when they died. This seems feasible enough, but not quite adequate.

"R. E. W. G." (Chichester) sends me a curious query about "cabbage," not the vegetable, but the cabbage which it used to be libellously said was cultivated by tailors. My correspondent was consulting a manuscript on heraldry in the reading-room of the British Museum when he found the term "cabossed," which is applied to a stag's head or face when cut off short, written "caboched" and "caboged"; and it struck him that this might be the origin of the word "cabbage," as signifying stealing, filching, or cutting off remnants of cloth the property of tailors' customers. Were there any laws for the orthography of the wonderful lingo used by heralds, they ought to say not "cabossed" "caboched" or "caboged," but "cabochée," for Littré informs us that the head of an animal cut off close behind the ears is "une tête cabochée." My correspondent's derivation of "cabbage" from "caboged" is good; but there is another one—namely, "cabas," a basket in which the pickings and stealings of cloth might be hoarded. There is a French verb "cabasser," meaning to put in a basket, to hoard, to steal, and, oddly enough, to gossip. This last definition must surely have been applied to market-baskets. Littré gives "cabasseur," "cabasseuse" as synonyms for a thief; but he shrewdly adds "that the word is popular, and is never written."

The *Saturday Review*, in a clever article entitled "A Shoddy Enthusiast," has unwittingly immortalised a genial Australian bookseller who has recently published a volume of drolleries which he has called "Cole's Fun Doctor." Mr. Mr. E. W. Cole, of the Book Arcade, Collins-street, Melbourne, will surely go down to posterity with his "Fun Doctor" in one hand, and a copy of the *Saturday Review* of Oct. 9, 1886,

in the other; and his remotest descendants will be proud of the fact that their ancestor was "slated" by the august *Saturday*.

I know Mr. E. W. Cole very well. He is an eccentric but a very worthy man; and he tried about twenty different trades and occupations before he discovered that a large fortune could be made by selling books to the million at low prices and for ready money only. His Book Arcade—or rather, Book Tunnel—is one of the marvels of the marvellous city of Melbourne. How many thousands of books the Arcade contains I do not know; but I have bought from Mr. Cole's obliging assistants at different times a Greek Testament, all the works of Mr. Julian Thomas (the Vagabond), a so-called Australian Cookery-Book (there is no cookery in Australia, and no native Australian dish except kangaroo-tail soup, which is not worth eating), several novels by Paul De Kock, "Euclid's Elements," and "Helen's Babies." The Australian ladies know this worthy bibliopole as "Old King Cole."

Re the Ninetieth Psalm. A clerical correspondent, "W. J. E." (Upper Tooting), has resolved the point that puzzled me. "In the Septuagint, or Greek version of the Psalms, of which the Vulgate is a translation, the Ninth and Tenth Psalms are treated as one; consequently, each of the following Psalms has a number less by one than the corresponding Psalm in the original Hebrew, from which our Authorised Version is a translation."

From Jotunheim, in Norway, "W. D. C." forwards me some derivations which have simply staggered the Distressed Compiler. "One is our old friend 'parlous,' which is in constant use among the Norsk peasantry in the sense of unequalled or peerless." But I thought that "parlous" was the old form of "perilous." "The other," continues "W. D. C.," "is the vulgar expression the whole 'biling' or 'boiling,' which appears to be the 'whole boiling,' a term properly applied to a herd of cattle, but commonly used with reference to any gathering of people." My alarming correspondent continues—

In Paolienza, a small town in Mallorca, I found a street entitled "Les Quatre Ulls." Have we here a prototype of our "Four Alls"? And can both be connected with "Carfax," or "Quatre Voix"?

Mercy, mercy, good "W. D. C."! Ho! there! A gazetteer! Some sal volatile, some alkaram, a "B. and S."—no; a lemon-squash—Anything! I gasp—I faint—in the (written) presence of this terrible correspondent from Norway!

A valued friend, "P. F.," writes to tell me that the anti-suicidal cage round the top of the Duke of York's monumental column, in Waterloo-place, has been removed, with much benefit to the architectural appearance of the monument. "You will mind the time," "P. F." adds, "when people used to ascend the column to throw themselves over?" I do not think that there was more than one case of suicide by a madman throwing himself from the summit of the Duke of York's column. He was, if I remember aright, a German, and the anti-suicidal cage was put up almost immediately after his death. The Monument itself had been encaged some time previous to the Waterloo-place casualty; and the name of one at least of the suicides who destroyed themselves by leaping from "London's column pointing to the skies" has been commemorated in Tom Ingoldsby's "Misadventures at Margate." Says the Vulgar Little Boy:—

If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,  
By day or night, then blow me tight! (he was a vulgar boy).  
And now I'm here, from this here pier, it is my fixed intent  
To jump, as Master Levi did from off the Monument!

About twenty-one years ago, being in Paris, in spring-time, I dined at the Café Riche in the company of a group of distinguished English musical critics, including (I am certain) the late Mr. James Davidson and the late Mr. Charles Lewis Gruneisen, and (I think) Mr. Henry Sutherland Edwards. These gentlemen had come over on a special mission to witness the first representation of Meyerbeer's "Africaine," at the Académie Impériale de Musique, then situate in the Rue Le Pelletier. Our meeting was a very merry one; and at about half-past seven we parted—the critics to take possession of their orchestra *fautuils* at the Grand Opera, and I to hasten to the Lyons railway station, where I was to take train for Marseilles, en route for Algeria. Napoleon III. was to visit Casarean Mauritania; and there were to be very grand doings in Barbary indeed.

Very vividly was the first night of the "Africaine" in Paris recalled to my mind when I turned over the pages of Mr. Sutherland Edwards's "Famous First Representations," just published by Chapman and Hall. The book is throughout sparkling, scholar-like, and chatty—but chatty after the manner of Grimm, after the manner of Jules Janin. Among the Famous First Representations noted by Mr. Edwards are those of Molière's "Tartufe," Gay's "Beggars' Opera," Beaumarchais' "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," Ireland's "Vortigern," Weber's "Der Freischütz," Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and Dumas the younger's "Dame aux Camélias." A goodly catalogue.

His Majesty the King of the Hellenes, I see, ran, during his recent stay in Paris, the very pleasant gauntlet of the *Dames de la Halle*. Fond of sight-seeing, "Ho Basileus" strolled one morning into the Central Market, and was watching the beautiful display of fruit and flowers when he was identified by somebody. One of the buxom flower-vendors immediately produced a splendid gardenia, which she attached to the Royal button-hole; and King George left the market highly gratified with his reception.

But the ovation was incomplete. Following ancestral market traditions, the *doyenne* of the *Dames de la Halle* ought to have imprinted a chaste salute on both cheeks of the Royal visitor; and the whole fair sisterhood—whether vendors of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, flowers, or vegetables—should have followed suit. The *Dames de la Halle* have always kissed

crowned heads. Napoleon III. was somewhat tardy in paying a visit to the markets after his accession to the throne; so the *Dames de la Halle* went down to the Tuileries in force and kissed Cæsar, in the Salle des Maréchaux, soundly. There died only the other day an ancient fish-fag of the bygone *Marché des Innocents*, who was wont to boast that she had kissed five Sovereigns of France—Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III.

What is the "Kitchen-Garden System"? I read in one of the papers that, "according to Lady Leigh, who wrote a letter on the subject in the *Times*, for the last fifteen years household work has been taught to girls in America, with very great success, by means of Miss Huntingdon's 'Kitchen-Garden System,' with music and song; and it is now being introduced in England by a lady at Newnham-on-Severn." Let me see! I am old and innocuous, very fond of teaching, and mainly confined to the house. I wish that one of my lady friends would help me to set up a "Kitchen-Garden" school for girls! Why should my back garden be monopolised by the cats? I will provide "music and song" for my pupils. They shall beat carpets to the strains of "Batti, Batti!" "Come into the garden, Maud," shall be considered as an invitation to dig potatoes; "Tears, idle tears," shall be the accompaniment to peeling onions. But the pupils must be strictly forbidden to sing "Good-bye, Sweetheart," when the butcher-boy takes his departure, or to welcome the fishmonger with the touching lyric, "Charlie is my Darling." On the feast of St. Valentine all the young ladies will be permitted to warble in chorus, "Mine to-day."

Mem.: Every candidate for tuition, according to the "Kitchen-Garden System," will be expected to bring a clothes-line, with plenty of clothes to hang upon it; the "Cook's Oracle," by Dr. Kitchiner; two kitchen towels, and a garden roller. Payment of fees will be strictly in advance, as I hope to go to Rome in December.

Indignant protests have appeared in a great morning contemporary against the alleged "Bowdlerisation" of "Robinson Crusoe" by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The secretary of the Society writes to explain that the book animadverted upon is "A Child's Robinson Crusoe," with coloured pictures, and that, to get it into a form suited to a child's capacity, it has been curtailed and otherwise modified. I should say, myself, that De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" is quite suitable to the capacity of an ordinary child. The same may be said of "Gulliver" and of the "Arabian Nights"—I mean the ordinary school-room version thereof. But this is a curtailing and modifying age; and I should not be surprised to see announced for early publication a "Child's Sartor Resartus," a "Child's Newton's Principia" (there has been a Lady's one), and a "Child's Paradise Lost."

Mem.: Charles Dickens was once very angry with George Cruikshank for publishing a new series of fairy tales "curtailed, and otherwise modified," from a strictly temperance point of view. In "Jack the Giant Killer," for example, the Welsh giant was made a fearful votary of alcoholic stimulants. The incensed author of "Pickwick" wrote an article in *Household Words*, called "Frauds upon the Fairies," in which he strongly deprecated the then nascent practice of meddling with and mutilating classical nursery texts.

Mem. II.: There is a very droll story, coming I know not whence, and authenticated by I know not whom, concerning the real hero of De Foe's immortal fiction. Alexander Selkirk, as most of us know, died a lieutenant in the Royal Navy; and the story is to the effect that in his latter years, when on half-pay, he took lodgings in a little fishing village on the coast of Yorkshire in the house of a widow who had a pretty daughter. The lieutenant lived a life of great seclusion; rarely went out, took his meals alone, but seemed quite cheerful and contented. One day the landlady's pretty daughter ventured to ask him whether he did not feel very lonely, sometimes. The worthy lieutenant laughed till his sides shook, "Lonely, my lass," he repeated; "why, I'm Robinson Crusoe!"

Among the pleasant delusions of the French touching English manners and customs is one to the effect that we are continually drinking *Vin de Chypre* or Cyprus wine. The only glass of Cyprus that I ever drank was in a private house in Paris; and my host, as I was sipping the vintage, chuckled, and remarked, "Aha! that is the little wine you English are so fond of." I never found Cyprus at any English table or any English club; and it was quite an agreeable surprise to learn that since the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition twenty thousand glasses of Cyprus wine have been sold at South Kensington. The Executive Commissioner for Cyprus states that Lord Beaconsfield's "great place of arms" is at present by far the most important producer of wine among the British possessions: the vintage of 1884 having yielded 2,500,000 gallons. It is admitted, however, by far the larger portion of the wines produced were consigned to Egypt, and to France; but the Commissioner thinks that by greater attention to cultivating the English taste, Cyprus might easily furnish sound pure wines to the British public at from nine shillings to ten shillings the gallon.

Mr. David Buchanan, a lawyer in repute at Sydney, and some time a member of Parliament in New South Wales, has written a letter to the *Times* which every English working-man who thinks of emigrating to Australia should read. Mr. Buchanan landed in Sydney in 1852 with a few shillings for all capital. He had no friends at the Antipodes, and was of no trade or profession; so he took his coat off, and set to work carrying sacks of coal ashore from ships unloading at the Circular Quay.

Mr. Buchanan remained with his coat off for many years; not only in Sydney, but in every part of the Colonies of New South Wales and Victoria he was engaged in such light and agreeable labour as stone-breaking, splitting and fencing, dray-driving, shingling, sawing, shepherding, hut-keeping, sheep-washing, overlanding with sheep and cattle, butchering, splitting logs for furnaces, working in boiling-down establishments, and in soap and candle works, reaping and mowing, and all farm work. As a relaxation, he occasionally took a sea voyage, working his passage wherever he went. At present he is a barrister of the Middle Temple, and can retire to cultivate his own vine and his own fig-tree whenever he chooses.

G. A. S.



## THE CRISIS IN BULGARIA.

The people of Bulgaria have had the audacity to encounter Russian dictation with great show of a spirit of national independence. The elections for the Sobranje, or National Assembly, which Russia wished to be postponed, took place last Sunday; and in the town of Sofia, out of 1800 electors who voted, all but one hundred gave their votes for M. Stambouloff, the leading member of the Regency appointed by Prince Alexander at his departure, and for two Ministers and other supporters of the National Government. The proceedings were attended with a serious disturbance. A crowd of peasants, some of them Macedonians and Montenegrins, armed with sticks, came into the town, and boisterously clamoured for the postponement of the elections. They gathered in front of the Russian Consulate, where the Consul, M. Nekliudoff, appeared on the balcony, and told them that Russia would consider the elections null and void, and that the Czar desired them to be put off; as well as that the officers, who are now awaiting trial for the treasonable outrage on Prince Alexander, should be released. The peasants, who numbered less than a hundred and fifty, responded with cheers for Russia and the Czar; they immediately returned to the polling-office, and attempted to seize the electoral urns or ballot-boxes, but were repulsed by the town electors. There was some fighting with sticks, and the soldiers were called in to clear the place. The assailants were afterwards regaled with bread and wine and brandy at the Russian Consulate. Later in the day there were renewed disturbances, and several revolver shots were fired, but no one was killed. It is stated that at Widdin and other Bulgarian towns, the local agents of the Russian Consulate incited the populace to interfere with the elections. At Dubnitz, the Bulgarian Prefect and two newly-elected Deputies were killed by a band of Macedonians. The general result, however, is the return of an immense majority in favour of the National Government. A formal protest has been sent in, on behalf of the Russian Government, declaring these elections to be illegal and void of effect.

General Kaulbars, the Russian Political Agent in Bulgaria, formerly Minister of War in the Bulgarian Government, was at Shumla on Sunday last, and was met by a large number of respectable inhabitants, who presented an address in favour of the existing Regency and Ministry. He seems to be as unsuccessful in the country towns as in the capital, where, on the 4th inst., he suddenly made an uncalled-for appearance, with M. Nekliudoff, at an open-air meeting of the citizens, mounted the platform, and delivered a speech that was interrupted by vehement signs of popular disapprobation. Our Correspondent, M. Uikriutics, witnessed this remarkable scene at Sofia, and has sent us a sketch of it, with another of the subsequent disturbance at a café, where a "heyduk," or half-military servitor of the Russian Consulate, was forcibly turned out of the house for the offence he had given by bringing a Russian Government circular, and attempting to read it. This circular, which was the same that General Kaulbars had read from the platform or tribune at the public meeting, set forth twelve points of the intentions and demands of the Emperor of Russia. Professing a most friendly disposition towards Bulgaria, the Emperor asks that the Bulgarians should turn to him with full trust and confidence. He complains of the burning of the colours of one of the regiment's implicated in the mutiny against Prince Alexander, with the insignia of the Russian order of St. George—which, in fact, as it now appears, were not burnt—when the regiment was disbanded. The Emperor declares that neither Prince Alexander nor his brothers can return to Bulgaria; he requires that the officers charged with treason shall be released; that the state of siege in the city of Sofia shall at once be terminated; and that the elections to the Great Sobranje shall be deferred for at least two months. Russia declines to recognise the existing Regency and Ministry as a legal Government. It was the reading of this manifesto, with General Kaulbars' comments, and the speeches of the partisans of M. Zankoff on the Russian side, that caused such a hostile expression of Bulgarian public feeling. The people went on to the offices of the Ministry, and saluted the Premier, M. Radoslavoff, with enthusiastic acclamations, lifting him in their arms and carrying him to his own house.

## FISHING-BOATS.

Our Extra Supplement is a Coloured Picture, by K. Macaulay, of two fishing-boats moored to the timber piles at the beach of a seaside village, with the few persons on board lazily resting, as they well may, during these hours of the day when there is nothing to be done in their kind of industry. The fisherman's hard work is chiefly done at night, in setting the nets, or very early in the morning, when the nets are drawn in; and so it happens that he is seen lounging ashore by holiday visitors who walk out in the afternoon, and they deride him as an idle fellow. One half the world, it has been truly said, knows not how the other half lives, and certainly not how those labour who supply the world's daily food, and whose task, like that of the journeyman bakers, is nearly finished before their customers' breakfast-time. As for that courageous, patient, and generally honest and sober class of our countrymen, who are employed in the various fisheries around the coasts of these islands, they have always a strong claim upon our sympathy and goodwill; and it was shown, three years ago, by the public interest in the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, which we hope will not have been frittered away or cooled down without some important and substantial result for the benefit of fishermen as a class. In the meantime, they continue to make very picturesque and effective subjects for artists; an example of which is now before the eyes of our readers, attractive by the play of colours broken into changeful fragments, in the reflection cast from the painted sides of the boats on the surface of the restless water, and in that of the fishing-baskets floating near at hand.

There have been some disturbances between English and French fishermen at Ramsgate, and a Board of Trade inquiry into the circumstances has been held.

On Monday the thirteenth annual conference of delegates representing the Young Men's Christian Associations in the North Midland District Union, which comprises the principal towns in Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Derbyshire, was held at Lincoln. Mr. Hall (Lincoln) was elected president for the ensuing year, and Mr. Priestman (Bradford), vice-president. It was decided to hold the conference at Doncaster next year.

A new steamer for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Continental traffic, via Harwich, was launched on Monday from the yard of Earle's Shipbuilding Company, Hull. This vessel, which is named the Cambridge, is a sister ship to the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamers Norwich and Ipswich, with the exception that she is 20 ft. longer. Her length on the water-line is 280 ft.; breadth, 31 ft.; and depth, 15 ft.; while her engines are compound twin-screws. She will be placed on the Harwich-Antwerp station early next year.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

How long have we now had tight-fitting, almost untrimmed bodices, and absolutely plain sleeves, in fashion? I really do think that the gibes at the changeability of women's fashions are a little overdone, at least as regards the present day. The styles of the past three years have been so essentially the same as to general outlines, that really ladies of moderate means, who do not care about being in the forefront of the march of change, may be now wearing, without particularity, the gowns they had new in 1883. The changes in fashion from last spring are very slight as yet, though both in London and Paris the great houses are offering some striking novelties to their most fashionable customers.

The principal idea in these new departures is the increased trimming of the bodices and the use of sleeves which are not quite plain. Some of the new sleeves have the top part gathered; others have the top made of the same material as the waistcoat, and different from that which forms the under part of the sleeve, this latter matching the rest of the bodice. Yet another model that I have seen had a sleeve something like the old æsthetic ones, full from shoulder to elbow, and fitting like a glove from elbow to wrist, so as there to need hooking or buttoning up the back. The effect was essentially different from that of the æsthetic order of sleeve, however, simply because it was made at the top of a stiff and gay-coloured, in place of a soft, and sad-coloured material. This sleeve had the puff from the shoulder to the elbow of a plaid consisting of a green silk foundation, crossed into large checks by red and blue lines in velvet; while the bottom of the sleeve was of dark brown étamine, of which most of the rest of the dress was made, the waistcoat and a wide panel of the underskirt being of the plaid. Another sleeve was trimmed along the inside of the arm with beaded passementerie.

But all these varieties of betrimmed model sleeves are only like straws sent up to catch the direction of the wind. The majority of the new dresses are being made almost exactly like those which have been familiar to us for six months. The general use of plaids for waistcoats and other trimmings forms one of the chief points of distinction between now and then. But that useful class of gown called "tailor-made" still has plain tight bodices, some made with revers of velvet, and others with velvet waistcoats. Loose-fronted jackets with waistcoats under are not out of fashion, though to my thinking they have completely lost all claim to style. There is a decided tendency to make the fronts of bodices more full than they have been for some time past. Many bodices, for instance, are made with short waistcoats, broad at the neck and tapering off to the bust, with loose folds of the material of the bodice passing down each edge of the waistcoat, but crossing over at the bust, and the uppermost one hooking at the oppositeside of the waist. In skirts, the plain fronts are no longer seen. Pointed tabliers, draped quite high at both sides, are chiefly made, except where a polonaise drapery is used, opening over a distinct underskirt, so as to show the latter here and there, like panels. Polonaises are making way greatly. All draperies are long and graceful, and free from "fussiness."

I regret to note the extremely inadequate sentences passed on the two persons—one a publican, the other a discharged servant—convicted, this week, of forging telegrams. In each case, a telegram was sent to a lady in her home, asserting that her husband, absent, as usual, at business, had met with an accident and was dying. In one case, a fine of £3, in the other, a penalty of £5 was imposed; and in each case, the malicious wretches "at once paid the money." Such sentences really afford human beings less protection against the most cruel torture than is enjoyed by the lower animals. Fines larger than these are imposed for killing cats or working sick horses. Is it possible to imagine greater anguish than is inflicted when a wife is told that the partner of her life, her "house-band," is dead? Let any loving woman try to imagine what her own sensations would be if she suddenly heard that her husband was killed; and say if any evil-minded person who can afford to spend a few pounds ought to be free to inflict such sensations on others? Punishments ought to be sufficient to deter from offences. Nobody can suppose that a fine of £3 is enough to deter malice from such exquisite gratification as is here open to it.

I write strongly because I happen to know that the offence in question is not newly invented. Some years ago, a similar telegram was received by a lady in a delicate state of health, and at once threw her into a condition in which her life was for a time despaired of. Nor did the mischief end with her comparative recovery; for she never regained the strength which she then lost, and that one cruel act cost her for all her life the family joys which should have been hers. Indeed, if it be remembered that the death of a friend is the most severe blow that any of us can be called on to undergo, it must be clear that a trifling fine is no sufficient punishment for one who causes that pain to be needlessly endured.

Dr. Ross, Principal of the Glasgow Church of Scotland Training College, has drawn attention to the fact that the day of excluding women from the educational advantages opened to men is not over. The University of Edinburgh, it appears, has decided to hold an examination and issue a diploma in the art of education. Certain classes have been founded in the University for preparing students for the new examination. "We were, however, compelled to turn away eight ladies who sought to join the class, because, forsooth, the arts classes are not open to ladies; so that this post-Reformation University is avowedly conducted on monkish lines." This sort of thing is still constantly occurring. The perpetrators of it will be regarded with much pity by future generations. Meantime, women are thus hampered and hindered to an extent which few persons realise. The Church Congress has been notable for the fact that for the first time a lady has been permitted to read a paper to the grave and reverend clerics and laymen there assembled. The papers of ladies have heretofore been received on condition that they were read by gentlemen. Now, a paper by Miss Yonge was committed to the reading of one of the secretaries; but Miss Mason read her own composition, and I am not surprised to hear that the majority of Congress thought that it was far more interesting to listen to the essay from the lady's own lips than from those of a substitute. Miss Mason is the lady who has the distinction of converting Mr. Arthur Balfour from a fixed idea about the exceeding physical weakness of women. When that gentleman was President of the Local Government Board, he was asked in Parliament if he would appoint a lady inspector of pauper children, following the precedent very successfully set by Mr. Stansfeld. Mr. Arthur Balfour replied that he should highly approve of such a lady being appointed, but that he feared no lady would be strong enough to go out in all weathers and travel long distances, as the inspectors had to do. Very shortly afterwards, however, he appointed Miss Mason to fill the post. I venture to congratulate the Church Congress on having broken through a restriction which has no meaning now-a-days, when ladies of all classes speak in public; and yet more do I congratulate Miss Mason on this second proof of her competence to fill offices of importance.

F. F. M.

## THE COURT.

The Queen paid her annual visit to Mar Lodge on Thursday week. Her Majesty drove up from Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Frederica of Hanover, in an open carriage drawn by four grey horses, which were changed in passing through Braemar. The Queen remained at Mar Lodge for nearly an hour, and drank tea in the fine entrance-hall, which is a new addition to the mansion. Prince Albert Victor of Wales dined with the Queen and the Royal family, and Viscount Cross had the honour of being invited. On Friday morning the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice. The funeral of H. Burgoyne, one of her Majesty's servants, who died suddenly at the castle, on the 5th inst., took place in Crathie churchyard. The Queen, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, was present at the funeral service, conducted by the Rev. A. Campbell, at the Sanatorium, previous to the interment, and her Majesty afterwards visited the widow. Her Majesty, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, went out in the afternoon, and joined Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene at the Glen Gelder Shiel. The Queen went out last Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. There was quite a crowd of Royal personages at the service in Crathie church on Sunday. The Queen, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Irene, and the Duke of Hesse occupied the Balmoral pew; and the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Maud, and Victoria were in the Abergeldie pews. The Rev. Thomas S. Majoribanks, B.D., of Preston Kirk, officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie, and there they were joined by the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Henry of Battenberg. On Monday afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, drove out, and was joined at the Danzig Shiel by the three Princesses of Wales and Princess Irene of Hesse. The Earl of Fife, K.T., arrived at the castle, and, with Viscount Cross, had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Invercauld, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, at noon on Wednesday week, on his visit to Colonel Farquharson. The sportsmen proceeded at once into the deer-forest, and a drive took place along Craig Clunie and Crashmore on the beat opposite Invercauld House. After luncheon in the romantic lodge of Clunie there was another drive in the direction of Duchlaich and Craig Choinich. On Thursday morning the party went up to the wildest portion of Invercauld Forest, which lies around the mountain of Ben-a-Bhuid, and there were two drives down the valley, luncheon being provided in the lodge of Sluggan. The Princess and the young Princesses came to tea at Invercauld House, and the Prince drove back with them to Abergeldie in the evening. On Monday the Prince left for Alt-na-quisch, on the Balmoral estate, for two days' shooting. The Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Henry of Battenberg joined the Prince at a deer-drive. The Prince and Princess, with their family, arrived in Edinburgh on Wednesday evening, visiting the Exhibition on Thursday; after which they left for the south.

On Tuesday night Prince Albert Victor arrived in Burnley, for the purpose of opening the Victoria Hospital on the following day.

A dinner was given at Athens on Thursday week by Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Minister, in honour of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh. It was followed by a ball, in which a distinguished company of upwards of seventy persons took part. His Royal Highness, however, did not dance. On the following day the Duke entertained at luncheon, on board his flag-ship, the Alexandra, the British Minister, M. Tricoupi, the Greek Premier, and two of his colleagues in the Cabinet; and on Sunday the Duke, Prince George of Wales, and Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold lunched with M. De Bützow, the Russian Minister at Athens.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Simla on Tuesday, and were received by Lord and Lady Dufferin and the principal officers. Their Royal Highnesses are the guests of the Viceroy.

The Queen Regent of Spain last week signed a decree commuting the sentences of death passed on the military rebels. Her Majesty also signed a decree freeing the Cuban slaves from the remainder of their term of apprenticeship. Last Saturday afternoon she was present at the ceremony of the presentation of crosses to the sergeants and men who resisted the revolt in the San Gil barracks on the night of the 19th ult. Señor Sagasta, charged by the Queen Regent with the formation of a new Cabinet, has succeeded in so doing.

Prince Marc' Antonio Borghese, the head of the family of that name, died on the 5th inst., at his villa at Frascati. In consequence of the abolition of the law of majorat, by which property descended to the eldest heir, the Prince's fortune, amounting to about 60,000,000 lire, will be divided between his children.

In the Austrian Reichsrath yesterday week Count Taaffe, the Prime Minister, declared that the supposition that the Austro-German alliance had been shaken was completely groundless.—About twenty men belonging to the working classes have been arrested at Vienna charged with being engaged in a plot to destroy the public buildings of that city by fire and to throw bomb-shells among the crowd.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes received on the 6th inst., at the Hôtel Bristol, Paris, the visits of the Prince de Joinville and the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres.

M. Mavrokordato, the new Greek Minister to Russia, was received on the 8th inst. by the Czar, at Peterhof, and presented his credentials. The Emperor also gave audience to the Japanese General Kiotaka Kurada, who had arrived there by way of Siberia, and to M. Katkoff, the well-known editor, upon whom the Vladimir Order of the Second Class was recently conferred.

A despatch from Souakim reports that Tamai, Osman Digma's stronghold, has been captured by the friendly tribes. In the assault the rebels lost 200 killed and wounded.

Further slight shocks of earthquake have been felt at Summerville, Charleston, and San Diego, in California.

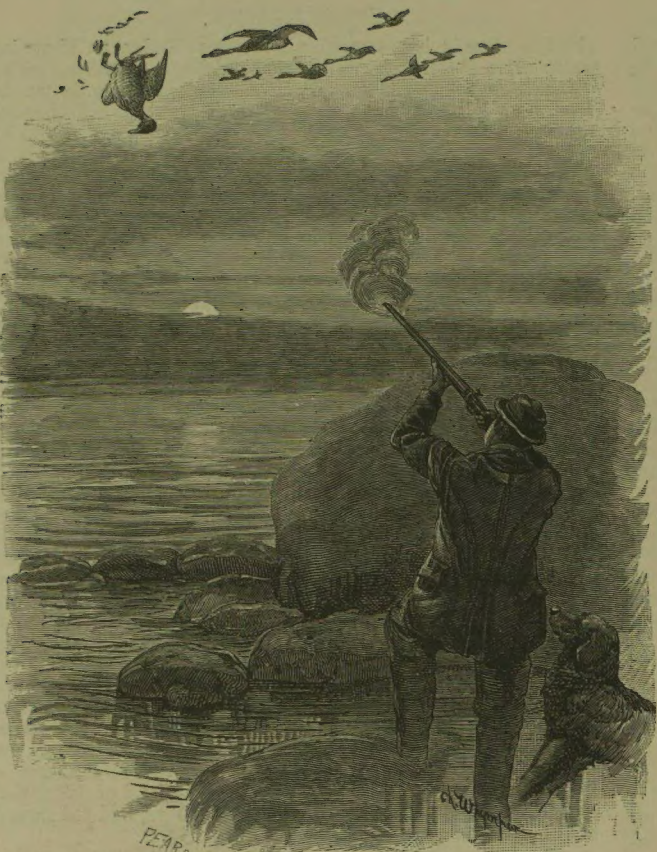
Another riot between Hindoos and Mohammedans, resulting in the loss of several lives, has taken place at Delhi; and this religious feud has extended to the Punjab.

A stormy all-night sitting was held by the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, on the 6th inst., in discussing the Estimates. A deficit is expected at the end of the year of £2,000,000.

The Melbourne Legislative Assembly has expressed a strong feeling in favour of an address to the Queen on the subject of the occupation of the New Hebrides by France.

A large number of steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool last week from American and Canadian ports; and the total arrivals show a further increase in the imports to this country; the total imports being 2491 cattle, 2332 sheep, and 7371 quarters of beef.

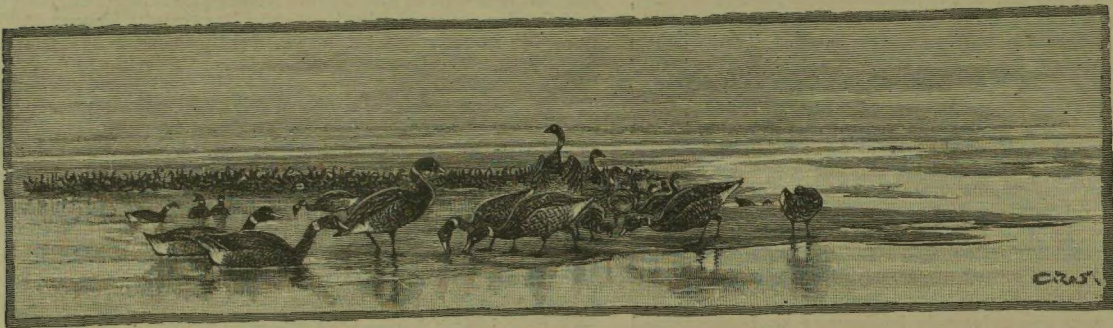




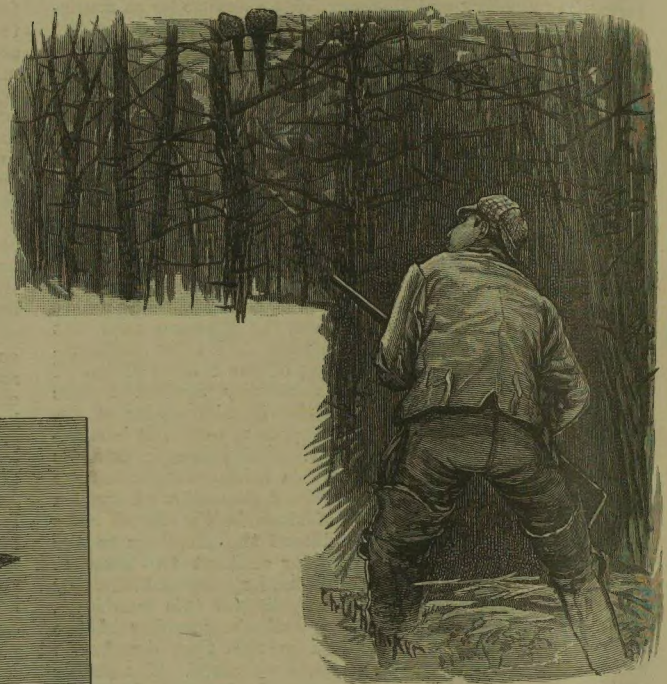
FLIGHT SHOOTING.



PARTRIDGE DRIVING.



A SHOT AT BRENT.



THE NIGHT POACHER.



AN INTRUDER.



WOODCOCK AND YOUNG.



PLOVER AND YOUNG.

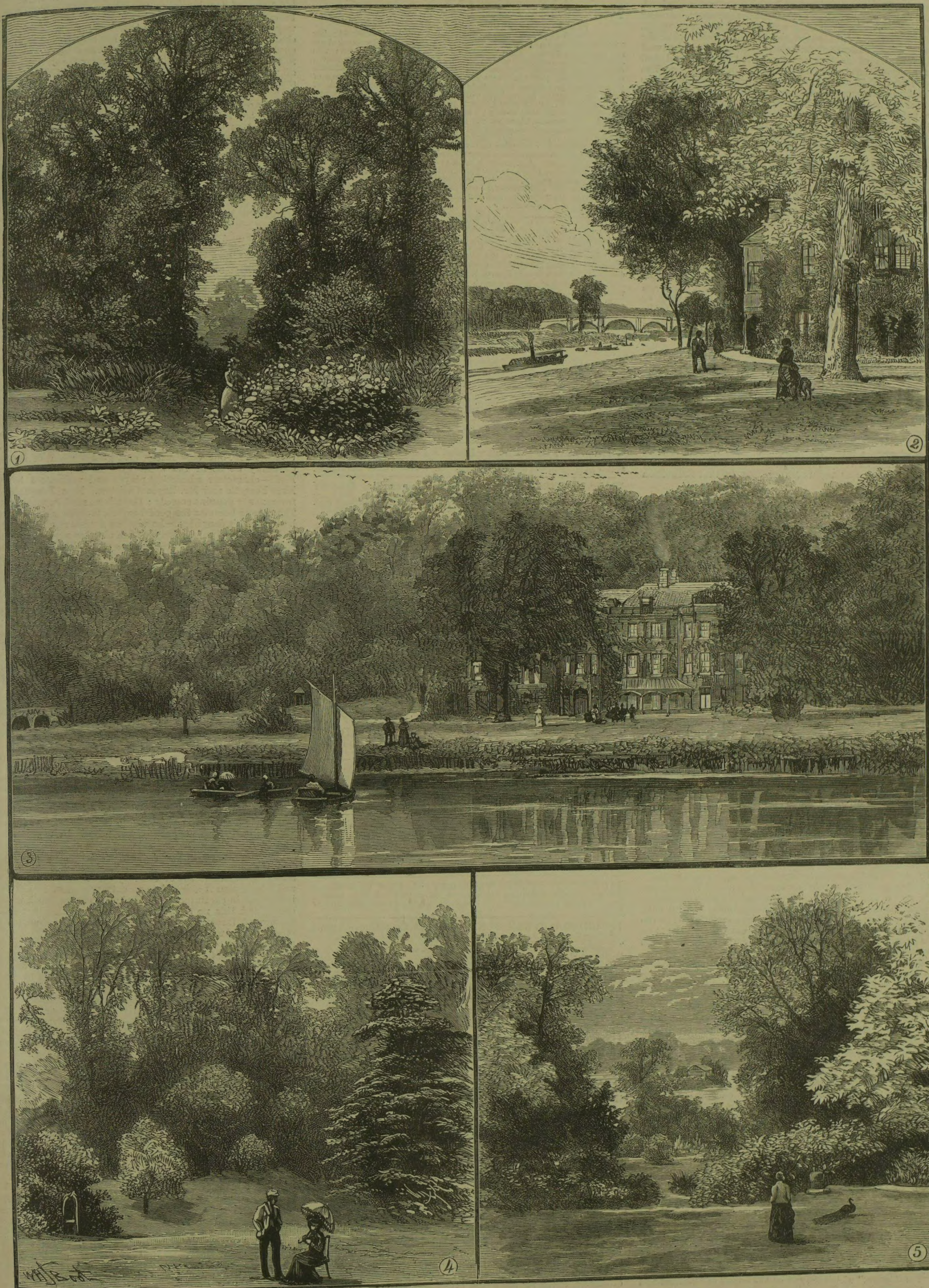


A WALK ON HIGH GROUND.



A TRAMP IN THE MARSHES.





1. Part of the grounds to be opened for public recreation.  
3. The house and grounds, from the river.

2. View looking down the river, Richmond Bridge in the distance.  
4. Another part of the grounds. 5. View looking up the river.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUSE AND GROUNDS, PURCHASED BY THE RICHMOND VESTRY.



## THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUSE AT RICHMOND.

The rumoured danger of a house-building speculation capturing the piece of land on the bank of the Thames below the Terrace of Richmond-hill, and defacing with bricks and mortar one of the most beautiful landscape views in England, excited much consternation during the past summer. Among those who protested against it were several eminent artists, Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, and Mr. Vicat Cole; while the public-spirited residents of that classic borough, famed as well for its charms of natural scenery as for its historical and literary associations, promptly took action in the matter. The Select Vestry of Richmond, after an official inquiry by order of the Local Government Board, obtained legal authority to purchase the land from the Duke of Buccleuch, and to hold it for a public recreation-ground, borrowing £15,000 from the Public Works Loan Commissioners for the purpose. At the inquiry a number of surveyors and architects, as well as Sir Whittaker Ellis, M.P., Sir Edward Herislet, and Major Bull, chairman of the Vestry, and many well-known artists beside the President of the Royal Academy, pronounced in favour of the scheme, as the only means of preserving the natural beauties and the pastoral characteristics of the far-famed Richmond-hill. The price which the Vestry gives to the Duke of Buccleuch for the whole estate is £30,000; but the cost to the parish has been reduced to £15,000 in consequence of an offer being received by the Vestry for the purchase of the mansion for £15,000. The estate is to be laid out as a public park and pleasure-ground, and it is proposed to convert a portion of the lawn into a towing-path on the Surrey side of the Thames, which will be a great public convenience, as at present the lawn forms the only obstruction to a continuous barge-walk or towing-path between London and Oxford. Considerable satisfaction was expressed at the decision of the Local Government Board, which will be of much importance to the town of Richmond and to visitors from London.

The mansion, of which and the grounds we give Illustrations, was built for the Duke of Montagu, from whose family it passed, by descent or bequest, towards the end of the last century, to the Duke of Buccleuch. It was here, in 1842, that the late Duke and Duchess gave a magnificent entertainment to the Queen and Prince Albert, the King and Queen of the Belgians, Queen Adelaide, and most of the Royal family being among the guests.

Our Illustrations are partly supplied by the series of beautiful photographs taken by Messrs. W. J. Byrne and Co., of Richmond, now on view at the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, which visitors to that Exhibition cannot fail to admire.

## THE BADMINTON BOOKS ON SHOOTING.

The Duke of Beaufort's series of practical treatises on English sports and pastimes, called "The Badminton Library," which is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., and is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, proceeds in the successful fulfilment of its promise as a trustworthy guide to every class of sportsmen. Two volumes on "Shooting," from which we are permitted to borrow some Engravings, will be found useful at this season of the year. They are the joint production of Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart., with contributions by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and Mr. A. J. Stuart-Wortley, in the "Field and Covert" volume, and by Lord Lovat and Lord Charles Kerr, in the volume devoted to shooting on "Moor and Marsh." Mr. A. J. Stuart-Wortley has also employed his pencil, in company with other artists, Mr. Harper Pennington, Mr. J. H. Oswald Brown, Mr. C. Whymer, and Mr. J. G. Millais, to design the illustrations, which are numerous in both volumes. The utility and need of such a work, as a manual of instruction, is shown by the introductory remarks on the revolution in shooting practice caused by the invention of breech-loaders, and by the new system of agriculture, since Colonel Hawker and other competent authors dealt with this subject. It is desirable, too, that there should be approved books, of standard authority for reference, concerning matters with which a large number of people, living always in town, have no personal acquaintance, and which are sometimes described very inaccurately, in a censorious or satirical spirit, by ill-informed popular writers. Those who fancy that a "battue" of pheasants is a mere idle and wanton massacre, requiring little skill and giving the birds no chance of escape, may here learn, for instance, that the method of driving them to fly high overhead, towards the shooters, is "the neatest, most skilful, and most satisfactory way of killing winged game": that only a good shot can bring them down, and they are not likely to be wounded and left unskilled. The chapters on pheasant-shooting and partridge-shooting may be read with interest by persons who are not themselves experienced in the use of the gun; and there is still, it appears, something to be said of the use of dogs, though much more is said here of the modern system of "driving."

Those who possess and handle the improved sporting firearms now in vogue can here peruse a concise account of the progress of gun-making, with the successive achievements of Purdey, Greener, Murcott, Gibbs and Pitt, Westley Richards, and Holland, in bringing the mechanism to perfection; the detonating percussion-cap dates from about 1830, the pin-fire breech-loader from 1857, the "central fire" ignition from 1867, the hammerless gun from 1871; the "choke-bore," for a closer cluster of shot, from 1875. We are thus a long way from the excellent flint guns, or "fowling-pieces," of worthy Joseph Manton, so famous in his day and generation. Of shot, powder, and cartridges, sufficient particulars are given in this treatise, with a commendation of the superior chemical preparations, the E. C. and the Schultze sawdust powder, instead of common black gunpowder, for sporting purposes. There is a pleasant chapter on dogs and dog-breaking. Keepers have a chapter to themselves, and so have poachers. It is right enough that rabbit-shooting should come into "Field and Covert"; but we do not see that pigeon-shooting from traps has any business there. Taking up the other volume, "Moor and Marsh," we are entertained with descriptions of the natural history and habits of grouse, ptarmigan, black-cock, and capercaillie; the heroic performance of deerstalking, and the preservation of deer-forests; the shooting of woodcock and snipe; the craft and skill of pursuing wild fowl on the inland waters, either from the punt or along the shore, and the construction, mounting, and working of swivel-guns. Some readers will be surprised at the number of different kinds of British wild-fowl and sea-fowl, and may never before have heard of the "brent geese," which abound on the coasts of Scotland and the west of Ireland. This volume ends with a brief and clear account of the present state of the laws concerning game, preserving, poaching, and the protection of wild-fowl. Every country gentleman should have the "Badminton Library" treatises on "Shooting."

Earl Fortescue distributed the prizes at the Devon County School, West Buckland, on Saturday last.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK

FOR 1887, CONTAINING  
SIX COLOURED PICTURES;  
TWENTY-FOUR FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;  
DIAGRAMS OF THE DURATION OF MOONLIGHT;

The Royal Family of Great Britain; the Queen's Household; her Majesty's Ministers; Lists of Public Offices and Officers; Bankers; Law and University Terms; Fixed and Movable Festivals; Anniversaries; Acts of Parliament passed during the Session of 1885-6; Revenue and Expenditure; Obituaries of Eminent Persons; Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan Calendars; Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Government Duties; Times of High Water; Post-Office Regulations; together with a large amount of useful and valuable information, which has during the past forty-three years made the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK the most acceptable and elegant companion to the library; whilst it is universally acknowledged to be by far the cheapest Almanack ever published.

The unprecedented demand for the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK year after year stimulates the Proprietor to still greater exertions to secure for this Almanack a reception as favourable as that which has hitherto placed its circulation second only to that of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. The ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK is enclosed in an elegant cover, printed in colours by the same process as the COLOURED PLATES, and forms a useful and pleasing ornament to the drawing-room table.

The SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

## MARRIAGES.

On Aug. 11, at St. Mark's Church, Welford, in the county of Kent, New Brunswick, Province of Canada, Edward B. Buckenfield, Esq., a Justice of the Peace and ex-Warden of the aforesaid county of Kent, son of W. H. Buckenfield, Esq., of Prince Edward Island, Barrister-at-Law, to Annie, fourth daughter of Robert Brown, Esq., of Welford, aforesaid.

On the 11th inst., at the Church of Our Lady, Grove-road, St. John's-wood, N.W., Austin Breerton, to Edith Blande.

On the 7th inst., at Harthill Church, Yorkshire, by the Rector, the Rev. F. Colnett Oldfield, William Edgar Horne, of 33, Albert Hall Mansions, Hyde Park, elder son of Edgar Horne, of Russell-square, London, to Margery, younger daughter of George Anderson May, of Arncliffe, and late of Eilford Park, Staffordshire. No cards.

## DEATH.

On the 6th inst., at his residence, 33, Barnsbury-street, Islington, Charles Miles Haviland, in his 68th year.

\*s\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1, "Jephthah's Return." 2, "On the Mountains." 3, "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS**.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

**FAUST**.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY NIGHT at Eight, Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE** (late THE PRINCE'S, Coventry-street, W.).—Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Sole Proprietor and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, LA BEARNAISE, Comic Opera, in Three Acts, from the French of M. Leterrier and Vanloo. Written by Alfred Murray. Music by André Messager. Produced under the Stage Direction of M. Marius. Miss Florence St. John, Miss Marie Terrence, Miss Linda Verner, Miss Leslie Bell, Mr. J. J. Dalas, Mr. E. J. Lonnien, Mr. W. Chessman, Mr. S. Harcourt, and Mr. G. H. Smeeth. Chorus of Fifty. Increased B. and Musical Director, Mr. Walter Slaughter. Doors open 7.30. Box-office (Mr. Hamilton) open daily from Eleven to Five. Telephone, 3700. Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Griffiths.

**STRAND**.—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—Immense Success. EVERY EVENING at Eight, THE RIVALS, supported by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance of THE RIVALS, EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Charles Terry.

**MONTE CARLO**.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Operatic Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

## SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hôtel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

**ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND**.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Great Mountain Railway, Portofino, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**THE BRIGHTON SEASON**.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, and E. & W. R. to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY**.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY**.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON**.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM. EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.40 and 11.20 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including Admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS**, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's and Ludgate-circus Office.

The receiving day for pictures for the next exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, Piccadilly, is Nov. 3.

Lady Burdett-Coutts opened on Tuesday the new building of the Highgate Youths' Institution, Northfield Hall, Highgate, of which Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., is president.

A further sum of £200, being the amount received from July 10 to Oct. 8 in the "mechanical begging-boxes" at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, has been remitted to the Lord Mayor in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund.

In London 2538 births and 1365 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 143 and the deaths 80 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

On the reassembling of the London School Board on the 7th inst., the chairman, the Rev. J. Diggle, gave an address on the progress of education, and the work of the Board. He referred also to the proposed scheme for the superannuation of officers, to the payment and occasional remission of school fees, and to the financial position of the Board.

Professor Leone Levi opened his series of winter evening lectures at King's College on the 7th inst. with one on the "Economic Administration of the Resources of the British Empire." Referring briefly to the question of Imperial Federation, he expressed his opinion that the growth and prosperity of the Colonies could best be maintained by their independent action, as at present.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Few who have not experienced the difficulty that attends the manufacture of plays out of novels can appreciate the rare cleverness of Robert Buchanan's "Sophia." For years it has been held that Fielding's "Tom Jones" would never make a play. Those who proposed it were laughed to scorn. The indelicacy of the language, the license awarded to writers in Fielding's time, the riskiness of the situations—all stood in the way of any dramatist anxious to winnow the wheat from the chaff. But, behold! "Tom Jones" has been turned into a very good and highly moral play, without one word or situation in it that could offend the prudish or censorious. The revival of "Sophia" at the Vaudeville is well timed, for we want some counteracting influence in the shape of a strong manly play to the pretty effeminacy of so-called comic operas. It is refreshing to see a strong indignant man thrashing a coward, and hypocrisy falling under the lash of indignation, in these days of finicking man-millinery, when the greater portion of the stage is occupied with crowds of vacant-looking girls in the gayest and richest of costumes. Squire Western's tongue has been cleansed, it is true; Lady Bellaston's eccentricities have been toned down; the escapades of Mr. Ephraim Square and Molly Seagrim have been spared us; Mr. Jones and Bliffl have been bowdlerised almost as much as the new child's "Robinson Crusoe." But for all that the whiff of diluted Fielding comes fresh and sweet after the stale musk and patchouli of the petticoat drama. The only strong fault I have to find with the general representation of "Sophia" is the occasional inability of the actors and actresses of the various parts to get into the spirit of the age depicted on the stage. The language may be Fielding's, but the acting is decidedly modern. They wear old-fashioned clothes, but they talk with the twang of to-day. It is only possible to express exactly what I mean by comparison. When they played "Olivia," both at the Court and at the Lyceum, I really do think that we were irresistibly transported to the village of Wakefield in the days of Oliver Goldsmith. There was no suggestion of the modern Strand in the picture presented to us. It was not only the language adopted, or the scenery employed, or the spinet in the corner, or the old clock on the stairs. We were conveyed by the playing into the days of our great grandmothers, and it gave to the play a great and very decided charm. Now, as a rule, this is not done at the Vaudeville; it is not so much done as it was at the outset. The actors and actresses are not so impregnated with or steeped in Henry Fielding as the others were with Goldsmith. The play goes with spirit, certainly; but it requires tone and distinction. Occasionally, but very rarely, one gets a whiff of Fielding. Certainly we do in the scene between Molly Seagrim and Bliffl—characters admirably played and understood by Miss Kate Forsyth and Mr. Royce Carleton. Miss Forsyth's performance is genuine comedy; there is no modern manner here. The actress becomes the good-hearted, trusting, rumping, rickless poacher's daughter, who admires a "fine figure of a man," be he saint or sinner. Mr. Carleton also has made a clever and conscientious study of the time-serving Bliffl. The small characters of Mr. Allworthy and of Lady Bellaston are also carefully and distinctly sketched by Mr. Gilbert Farquhar and Miss Rose Leclercq. The Sophia of Miss Kate Rorke could not fail to be a pretty performance; but I do not find any very special distinction in it. It is a pretty girl, for Miss Rorke is a pretty girl; but it is more Miss Kate Rorke than Sophia. In the same way, Miss Larkin is far more Miss Larkin than Miss Western. It must be funny, because Miss Larkin is funny. She cannot fail to make the audience laugh. But here, at least, was an opportunity for getting away from the oglings and the squirms of modern farcical comedy. Mr. Charles Warner keeps the play together with his determined spirit. He can be gay, and he can be tender also. He is manly and genuine. All he wants here is style. This would be a splendid, rattling, rollicking, impulsive, and impetuous bit of acting in a modern melodrama, where heroes have to jump off bridges in the Regent's Park, or to apostrophize virtue on the Thames Embankment; but it is not quite "Tom Jones." All that is wanted is a little study, for we know by his celebrated Coupeau that Mr. Charles Warner can become another man. Mr. Thomas Thorne's Partridge continues to be what it was at the outset: a gently humorous and lovingly tender portrait, one of the happiest features in the play. Let the actor, however, take care lest the applause given to points should interfere with the consistency and nature of the sketch. It is well to please the gallery, but not at the expense of the play.

Opinions seem to differ concerning Mr. Theyre Smith's new drawing-room farce at the Princess's Theatre. I have seen it described as one of the very best farces of the century, and I have seen it objected to as extravagant in idea and over boisterous in execution. All that Mr. Theyre Smith writes is clever, and this no doubt is an amusing little trifle suited to an age of farcical comedy, when fun is served up hot and strong. The mistake, I venture to think, made by the stage manager was to make all the characters aware of the humorous situations in which they were placed. Had they all been less conscious, the joke would have told better. But the trifle serves to show us that we have a reserve in store of very pretty, intelligent, and capable actresses. Miss Edith Chester, Miss Grace Arnold, and little Miss Calhem are all full of promise, and are rapidly working their way to the front. Mr. Stewart Dawson is seen to great advantage in this farce, for it was not his fault that the play was started at high pressure. This once done, all the old butler could do was to keep it up, and he did.

The directorate at the Avenue Theatre owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Arthur Roberts, for almost unaided he pulled the new opera "Indiana," by Farnie and Audran, out of the fire. The music is pretty enough, if not very remarkable for character and originality, and the story is fairly interesting, as such stories go. Miss Wadman sings well and works hard, and Miss Phyllis Broughton, whether dancing or in repose, is the very prettiest of stage pictures. She ought to be instantly photographed in that Gainsborough hat, which she wears with a very special distinction. But the heart and soul of the fun of the play comes from Arthur Roberts. He is alert, ingenious, and inventive in all his business. With that wonderful face of his, and command over the facial muscles, he always keeps an audience awake and amused. When he is acting he does not go to sleep, but assists each scene with his rare humour and versatility. It is the fashion to ascribe to "gag" what is in reality inventive business invaluable to the scene. A time may come, no doubt, when the applause and encouragement of the audience may compel Mr. Roberts—unassisted as he is—to take too much on his shoulders. But at present, all that he does is as legitimate as it is necessary. If this "gag" would that we had more of it on the stage! It is a treat to see an actor enjoying his work, and straining every nerve and muscle in the service of the play.

New little plays at the Gaiety and Court, where they are doing extremely well with the dainty "Dorothy" and the funny "Schoolmistress," have helped to break the monotony of an otherwise quiet and uneventful week.



## SKETCHES FROM BURMAH.

An officer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Captain A. E. Rimmer, who has commanded the steam-boat *Pathein* on the river Chindwin, for the service between Mandalay and the British garrisons as far up as Kendat, sends us the Sketches engraved this week. The Chindwin, rising in the Manipure ranges, at the eastern extremity of the Himalayas, flows into the Irrawaddy at Koonwah, in latitude 21 deg. 30 min. N., longitude 95 deg. 15 min. E., some five hundred miles from where the Irrawaddy reaches the sea. The navigation of the Chindwin is extremely difficult at certain seasons of the year, when the river rises 40 ft. above the dry-season level, pouring with great force through the narrow defiles of the mountains, and overflowing the low country. It can then be stemmed only by powerful steamers, which have had to be withdrawn at the beginning of the dry season, when the water fell rapidly, leaving no practicable channel. There are no land roads through the country, which is covered with an interminable jungle, infested with swamp malaria, and intersected by mountain ranges. The soil, however, appears to be fertile, and can probably be cultivated, like that of Assam, for tea, coffee, and cinchona, on the slopes of the river valley, while rice and cereals are yielded in great abundance by the low-lying districts. Coals of good quality for steam fuel is dug from the bank of the river near a place called Kalaymyo. The scenery, in many parts, is very grand and beautiful, presenting tremendous rocks and cliffs, mingled with the richest and most luxuriant verdure of a tropical clime; with palms, plantains, elephant ferns, cactus, and other plants; with teak and forest trees, bound together by a network of creepers and orchids, gorgeous in flower. The country seems to be swarming with birds, the pelican, the curlew, ducks and geese of various kinds, and all the bright-plumaged birds of Lower Burma; the black bear was seen, and various troops of monkeys. Tigers have carried off sepoy from the garrisons. The native people, a different race from the Burmese, were found kindly and hospitable. In former times the Burmese used to make raids upon them, to steal the girls for the Royal harem, as they are white; and to prevent this it became the custom to tattoo the girls' faces with hideous streaks. The villages on the bank of the river are usually inhabited by a mixed race, half Burmese, half Shans, while the proper "Chinds" keep pretty much to the hills. They were at first much terrified by the sight of the steamer, but were encouraged to come on board, and examined everything with great curiosity. The river scenery is illustrated by Captain Rimmer's Sketches of the Hpai-yai and Shoay-gyee whirlpools, or rapids, which are dangerous from their narrowness and their sharp turns round the high cliffs; also, the view of Mingin, with the military camp there; and he adds a Sketch of the stockade of the garrison fort at Kendat.

These garrisons on the Chindwin have a very harassing duty to perform, being continually sent out, in long and toilsome marches through the jungle, to attack parties of "dacoits" or marauders, who will seldom meet them in fair fight, but hide in ambush and shoot at them by the way. It will be difficult for a large column of troops to march through such a country. Among the reinforcements from India lately arrived in Burma is the 3rd Goorkha Regiment, an officer of which, Captain C. Pulley, furnishes several Sketches of the Golden Pagoda at Pagán, the houses there occupied by the officers' quarters and their mess, and the droll figures of the Burmese men and women, at Rangoon, contrasted with the Goorkha soldiers. One of these active little fellows, being off duty, is parading the street in company with a Burmese belle, and smoking an immense Burmese cigar. Burmese bells of a different kind, belonging to the Buddhist temple, are represented in another Sketch, with the servants and their families in the temple precincts. One bell is being sounded by swinging it suspended from a pole on the shoulders of two men.

The opening match of the billiard season at the hall in Argyl-street was brought to a conclusion last Saturday evening, when John Roberts, the champion, defeated W. J. Peall by 228 points, in a match of 10,000 up, spot barred, and Peall receiving 3000 points.

The late Mr. Thomas Lockerbie, brass-founder, Glasgow, who died in London last week, has left £30,000 to build almshouses in Edinburgh. It is proposed to erect cottages to cost £400 each, pensioners to receive 10s. a week, and living rent free in them. Preference is to be given to natives of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the south of Scotland.

An international sculling handicap, on the American system, which is a novelty in this country, began last Saturday at the Welsh Harp, Hendon. At the close of the day Ten Eyck (an American) and Bubeur (an Englishman) were the victors, and the final heat between these two was brought to a conclusion on Monday, when Bubeur beat Ten Eyck easily. A consolation prize was won by Teemer.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Londonderry visited the Royal Barracks, Dublin, on Monday, and dined with the officers in the evening.—Addresses of welcome from the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, the College of Physicians of Ireland, and the Association of Non-Subscribing Presbyterians, were presented on the 8th inst. at Dublin Castle, to the Marquis, who in replying said that it would be the unchangeable policy of the Government to preserve the union between Great Britain and Ireland for ever unimpaired.

After an absence of forty-two years from Norwich, the Congregational Union of England has this week held its annual autumnal gathering in that city. The proceedings began on Monday evening by a reception of delegates and friends in St. Andrew's Hall, nominally by the Mayor and Mrs. Garney, but in consequence of ill-health his Worship was unable to be present, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., acted as host. Among the company were several local clergymen as well as representatives of Nonconformist bodies.

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove have contributed £1000 to the fund being raised by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House for the formation of the proposed Imperial Institute of the Colonies and India as the memorial of the Queen's Jubilee by her subjects.—The Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, the delegate Chief Rabbi, in remitting a donation from himself and his father (the Chief Rabbi), states that he is persuaded that the great bulk of his co-religionists, inspired as they are with heart-whole loyalty and devoted attachment to the Throne, will practically testify their cordial appreciation of the proposed Institute, and more especially their respectful homage to their gracious Queen, in whose honour it is to be established.—Communications continue to pass between the Australasian colonies on the subject. The Governments of Queensland, South Australia, and New Zealand, have readily responded to the Victorian Premier's invitation to contribute towards a joint fund, to be made up by the six self-governing colonies of Australasia. The Government of New South Wales intend to apply to Parliament for authority to join the other colonies in a larger grant than that proposed by the Premier of Victoria, and are in communication with the other colonies on the subject.

## NEW BOOKS.

Although "there is none good save One," yet there are many men since Enoch who have attained to some far-off touch of goodness, and who have revealed in their deeds and their writings the fact of their attainment; for which reason such works as *Letters of Frédéric Ozanam*: translated from the French, with a Connecting Sketch of his Life, by Ainslie Coates (Elliot Stock), are by all means to be commended and recommended for general perusal. That the recommendation will have much effect upon a generation of readers who seek after excitement, or amusement, or novelty, or something practical, something which will enable them to better their worldly condition and to improve the "main chance," is hardly to be expected; and there is very little indeed of that sort in these admirable letters: still, it is a bounden duty to make the recommendation. The writer was a man who may be said to have received equally warm approbation from the opposite poles of critical estimation. For M. Guizot describes him as the "model of a Christian man of letters; dignified and humble: ardent friend of science, and firm champion of the faith; tasting with tenderness the pure joys of love, and submitting with gentleness to the long expectation of death; carried away from the holiest affections and the noblest labours, too soon according to the world, but already ripe for Heaven and for glory." While M. Renan, who is supposed to have listened to his lectures, is "reported" to have exclaimed (on hearing of his death, it is presumed), "Ah, how we loved him! What a beautiful soul!" This "beautiful soul," reflected in the letters, was Antoine Frédéric Ozanam, who had been "Professor of Foreign Literature in the Sorbonne," and who died, at the comparatively early age of forty, about thirty years ago. The present series of letters, to be followed by another, stops at the date of his marriage, in 1841. The connecting biographical sketch is very interesting, but the letters suffer a little from translation into English, which is too frequently unidiomatic. Not only is the writer of the letters represented in beautiful colours, but members of his family also appear with very pleasing attributes; and the reader will naturally call to mind what Milton wrote about "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son."

A burning question of the day serves to augment the intrinsic interest and importance of the volume entitled *The League of North and South*: by Sir C. Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. (Chapman and Hall), in which an eloquent gentleman, who worked hard and honourably for his cause, has sketched, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, "an episode in Irish history." The period embraced extends from 1850, just after "the state trials of 1849" and when the fag end of the awful famine was still operating, to 1854 and the celebrated "mission to Rome," though the result of this expedition (undertaken in December) of course belongs to a later date and necessarily an encroachment, as it were, upon other times. The author appears to have been actuated principally by a desire to set himself—and his friends of thirty or more years ago—right with the Home Rulers of to-day, especially with Mr. Justin McCarthy. And this is just what is likely to strike the general English reader as so singular in connection with Irish affairs, that the very best informed among the professed national champions of Ireland scarcely seem to know their own friends from their foes, and from the traitors and deserters who have from time to time joined, or seemed to join, hands with the "national party," for their own purposes and advancement, and, having obtained what they wanted, have dropped the party like a hot coal. Nay, more; it would seem as if the men of light and leading (if any there be) among the Home Rulers are not aware how much they owe to their predecessors for setting them an example and for preparing the way before them. Grievances all Irishmen of a certain persuasion appear to have at their fingers' ends, from the confiscations of James I. (if not from the high-handed occupation of Strongbow and the masterful proceedings of De Lacy and his descendants) to the latest eviction for non-payment of rent (though the tenant may be rattling it complacently in his pocket); but they seem to be altogether ignorant or oblivious of what has been done for them and for the promotion of their wishes by previous workers, whether English or native Irish. There was the late Mr. Forster, for instance, who, as "buckshot Forster," went in danger (not fear, by any means) of his life in Ireland, from day to day, and from hour to hour; yet, he was "the young Quaker" who had exerted himself so conspicuously in the evil days of famine in 1847 that the Irish would have died for him, and who, as they ought to have known, was full of goodwill towards Ireland, and was appointed to his thankless office for that very reason. And now we find from this "episode of Irish history," and its "dedication by way of preface," that such men as Mr. Parnell himself and Mr. Justin McCarthy do not properly appreciate the facts concerning "the Tenant Right Party of 1852," which "was no more the party of Sadleir and Keogh" than Messrs. Parnell, McCarthy and their colleagues "are the party of James Carey and Patrick Tynan"; and that, although Mr. Parnell "never mentions the leaders of the Tenant League, except with the respect and gratitude to which they are entitled," yet "he is strangely unfamiliar with the incidents of the period in which they lived," he does not know the truth about Mr. Butt and the policy of "independent opposition," and he, as well as Mr. McCarthy, belongs to a school of "Irish Nationalists" with whom it is no longer the custom, as it once was, "to guard the reputation of their predecessors as a priceless possession of the Irish race." It is this constant disagreement between professed "Irish patriots" (reminding one of the long "rough and tumble" into which the whole of Irish history for centuries may be said to resolve itself) that makes Englishmen impatient of the entire question, causes them to doubt whether the "patriots" themselves really know what they want or what would be good for them, and leads them to think that, if Ireland were ever to obtain her Home Rule, the old "rough and tumble" would begin again, the Irish "chiefs" would be at continual loggerheads, and Ireland herself would clamour for reunion with England, because her last state would be worse than the first. By all means, however, let this book be read, and read attentively; and let readers consider by the light of it what chance they can see of a brotherly league of North and South, under the auspices of Home Rule.

Let readers who are on the look-out for a nice, bright, pleasant, and even useful book take notice that they had better try *Oranges and Alligators*: by Iza Duffus Hardy (Ward and Downey); and if they are not satisfied they must be an atrabilious and a cantankerous generation. A couple of hours or so will suffice for the perusal; but, of course, it will take longer to go twice through the book, as the reader may very well be tempted to do. The theme is South Florida, a country whither an emigrant might evidently do well to transport both self and bag and baggage, whither invalids might find it advisable to go for a winter, whither the careless traveller might find it advantageous to take a trip for the purpose of "prospecting." There is not much in the book; it is only very nice, from many points of view.

## MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts enter on their thirty-first series this week. The programme of the opening concert is of varied interest, although containing no novelty beyond the first performance here of some ballet music from M. Massenet's "Le Cid." Mlle. Ella Russell, the American prima donna, will appear for the first time at these concerts. During the ten performances before Christmas, two of the Leeds Festival novelties will be given at the Crystal Palace—Dvořák's oratorio "Saint Ludmila," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend"—two others—Dr. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata, "The Story of Seyid," and Dr. Stanford's choral and orchestral setting of Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge"—being reserved for the second division of the series, beginning on Feb. 12. The second concert, on the 23rd of this month, will be rendered tributary to the memory of Franz Liszt; and the tenth concert, on Dec. 18, will be in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Carl Maria Von Weber.

The Leeds Triennial Festival—conducted, as before, by Sir Arthur Sullivan—took place this week, in the Townhall, beginning on Wednesday morning, and closing this (Saturday) evening. We have already given an outline of the scheme, and have referred to the preparatory London orchestral rehearsals, held last week at St. James's Hall. These were followed by full rehearsals at Leeds on Monday and Tuesday. The important new works by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Antonin Dvořák, Dr. Mackenzie, and Dr. C. V. Stanford, were produced too late for our notice until next week.

The performance of "The Messiah" at a promenade concert last week has elicited a newspaper controversy as to the propriety of giving oratorios under such conditions. Notwithstanding much sharp protesting, the lessee has announced "Elijah" for next week, encouraged thereto, perhaps, by the advocacy of some of the correspondents who have taken the favourable view of the question.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The "Cavendish Music-Books," now issuing by Messrs. Boosey and Co. (in parts at one shilling each) are among the cheap wonders of the day. The form is full music size, the engraving, printing, and paper are good, and the contents comprise all varieties of schools and styles, classical and brilliant, vocal and instrumental. Upwards of a hundred numbers have been published, the contents of which appeal to all tastes, and various degrees of efficiency of pianists and singers, some of the music being for a single performer, in other cases for two executants. Among the latest issues are some of the best of Chopin's pianoforte pieces.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. are early in the field with a supply of dance music for the approaching festive season. The Christmas number of their *Musical Magazine* contains the usual liberal supply of pianoforte pieces, by well-known composers of dance music, in the forms of the waltz, polka, quadrille, and schottische, nine movements being here given (for one shilling), associated with the names of P. Bualossi, Caroline Lowthian, C. D'Albert, P. Fahrback, jun., Strauss, and G. Pritchard. The same publishers also issue some detached pieces for dance purposes; among them are—waltzes, "Hesperus," by L. Wheeler; "Mirage," by Caroline Lowthian; "Sweet Seventeen," by A. Delbrück; polkas, "Colonia," by P. Bualossi; and "Short and Sweet," by Caroline Lowthian; and quadrille, "The New Club," by K. Kiesowski, all which are bright and tunable, with well-marked rhythms in the respective styles. Messrs. Chappell and Co. contribute several vocal pieces, which will be welcome in drawing-room circles; "Year by Year" and "Glory" are the titles of songs by J. L. Roeckel. The first is an unaffected melody, the simplicity of which is well contrasted by some effective harmonic treatment. The other song is of a more declamatory character, affording good opportunity for the display of vocal power. The closing transition from the minor to the major key gives a good effect of climax. "Love Ties" and "O Lady of my Love"—songs by F. P. Tosti—are both written in a suave and flowing style of vocal melody, well calculated to please singers and hearers, and like the other vocal pieces just referred to, free from executive difficulty, and lying within a moderate compass of voice. Mr. A. Moul's song, "Had you only known," may also be commended for its pleasing and expressing simplicity. "Sunshine," by Alfred Cellier, and "Eventide," by J. Hoffmann (also issued by Messrs. Chappell and Co.), are pianoforte pieces, each with a distinctive character. The first is a minuet and trio in which the stately old dance form is well preserved without rigid stiffness; the other is a transcription in which a predominant melody is surrounded by graceful and florid elaborations.

The Long Vacation will end next Saturday, and the Law Courts will be reopened on the following Monday, when the Michaelmas sittings begin.

The Glasgow Town Council have decided to hold an exhibition two years hence in Kelvin-grove Park, towards the cost of which they will contribute £5000.

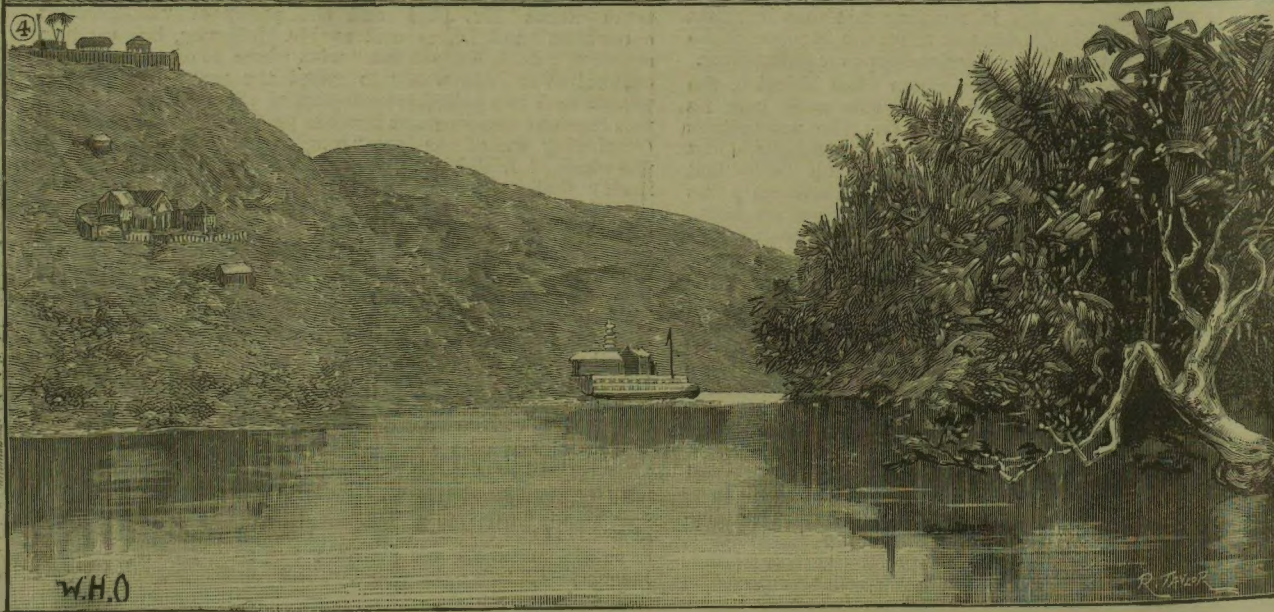
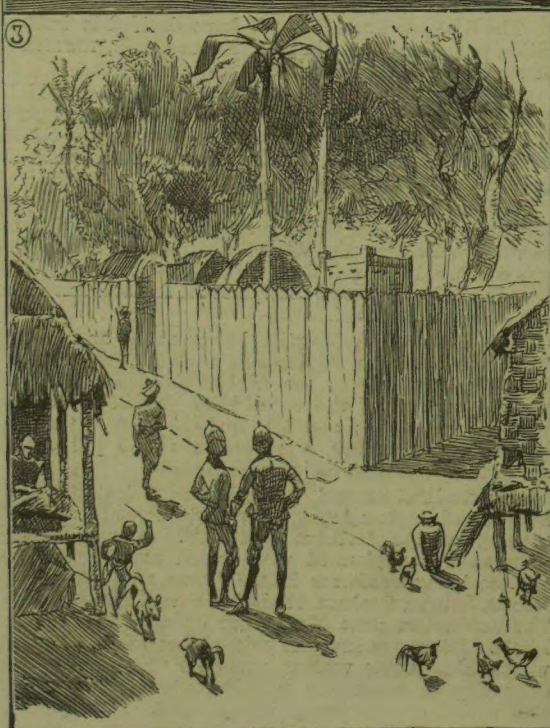
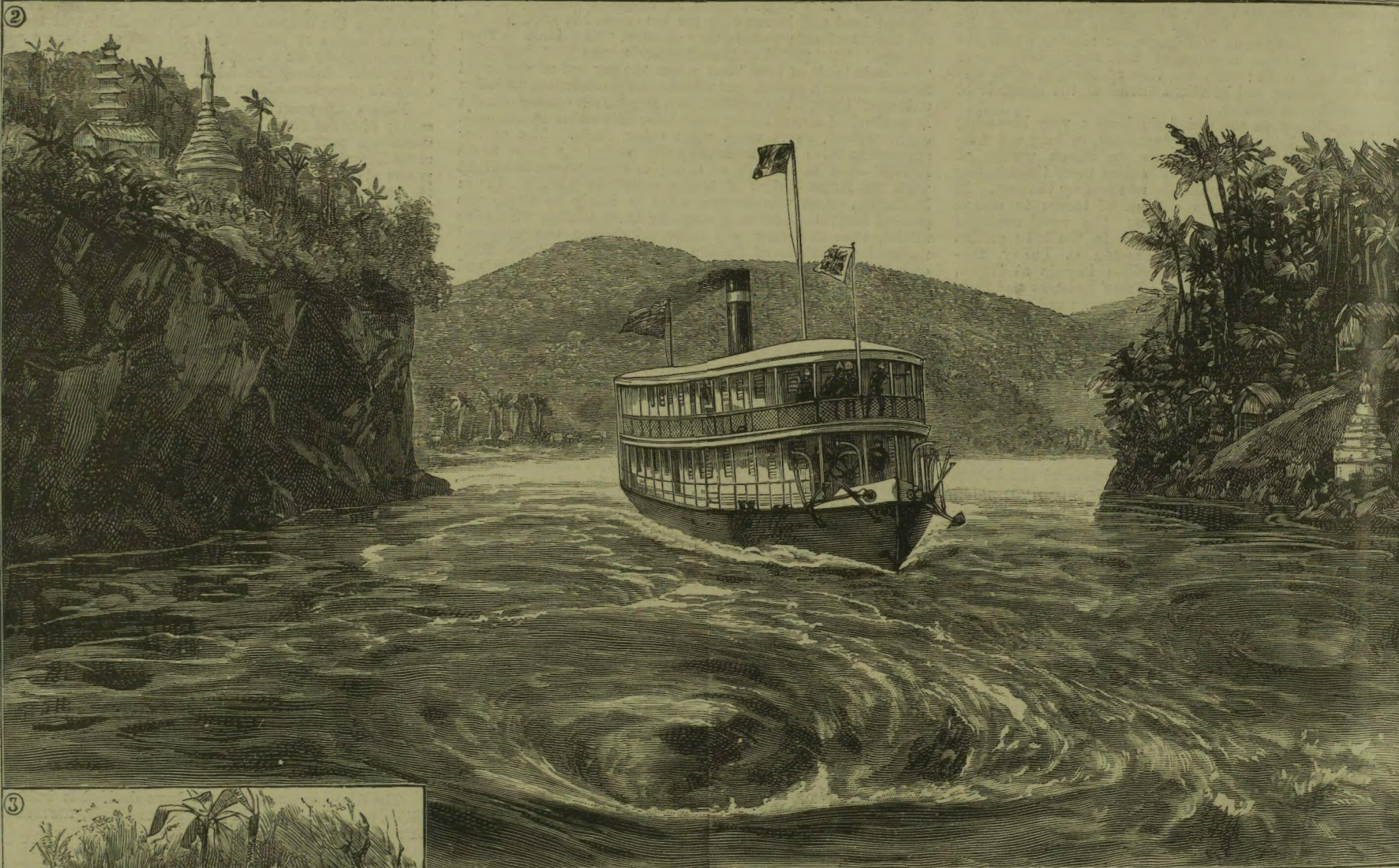
The late Mr. U. Brocklehurst, of Hanbury Hall, near Macclesfield, has bequeathed £1000 to the endowment fund of the Macclesfield Infirmary, and a similar sum to the Macclesfield Grammar School, of both which institutions he was governor for many years.

The annual show of hardy fruit in connection with the Royal Horticultural Society opened on Tuesday in the conservatory adjoining the Albert Hall, South Kensington, and was continued the next day. Apples and pears, especially the former, made a splendid show, and all the best known descriptions were represented.

The Duke of Wellington has granted an abatement of 50 per cent on the Michaelmas rentals of his farms on the Strathfieldsaye estate; the Earl of Lonsdale remits for two years 15 per cent of the rent of the farms on his Lowther and Whitehaven estate; and Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield House, near Reading, a reduction of 50 per cent to his numerous tenants on their year's rentals.

An excellent concert in aid of the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Asylum Corporation was given on Tuesday evening at the Holborn Townhall. A well-selected programme was performed with much ability, the principal artists being Mesdames Edith Wynne and Rose Hersee, and Messrs. Selwyn Graham, Frederick Bevan, and Walter Clifford. The conductors were Mr. Arthur Jarratt, A.R.A.M., and Dr. Little. In connection with this concert was an exhibition of works illustrating various processes of so-called automatic engraving, in connection with the international competition. The object of the competition, which took place at the suggestion of Mr. J. S. Hodson, secretary to the Printers' Corporation, was to give to artists, authors, printers, publishers, and others an opportunity of acquiring satisfactory knowledge of the peculiarities and advantages of the various processes of automatic reproduction in use and their adaptability to particular descriptions of work.





1. The Hpai-yai Whirlpool, below Kalaymyo.

2. Shooting the Sheay-gyee Whirlpools.

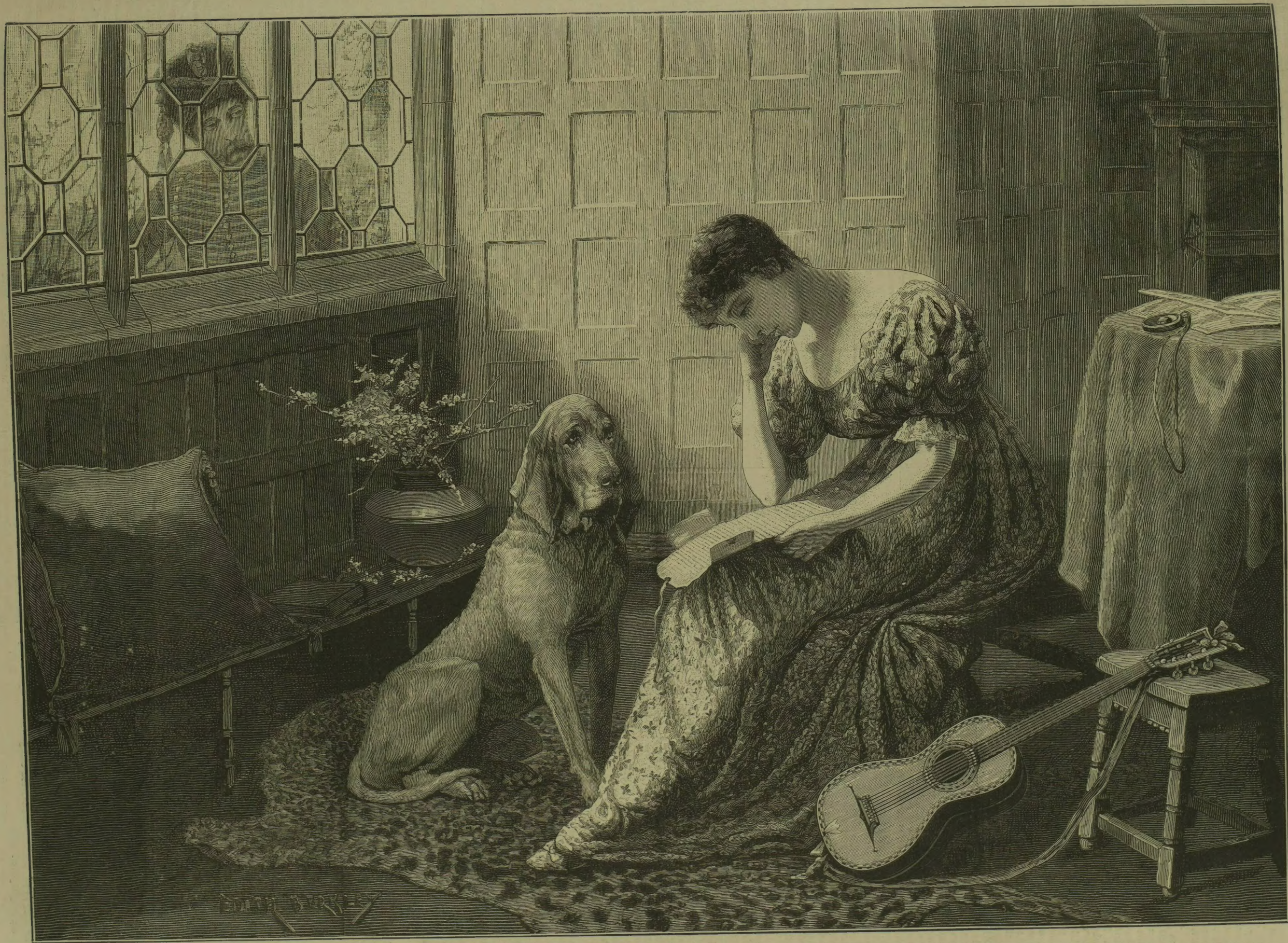
3. The Stockade at Kerdat.

4. The Military Camp at Mingin.

SKETCHES FROM BURMAH: UP THE CHINDWIN.

BY AN IRRRAWADDY FLOTILLA-OFFICER (CAPTAIN A. E. RIMMER, STEAMER PATHEIN).





WANDERING THOUGHTS.—DRAWN BY EDITH BERKLEY.

"'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,  
It is not doubting what thou art;  
It is the too, too long endurance  
Of absence that afflicts the heart."



HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

ATHENS.

The splendid civilisation of the age of Pericles seems to have exhausted the very soil on which it flourished. No words can paint the aridity, the barrenness, the poverty of the land around Athens. As you approach from the sea, the snow-white marble temples of the Acropolis glisten in the sun; the mountains and hills rise all around, displaying the most graceful contours, the most charming perspectives of blue and violet and rose; but there is not a speck of verdure to be seen, and all day long the dust mounts in whirling columns, which seem to waltz round the city. Never have I seen such dust—such gigantic pulverous spirals, so tall that the top is lost to view. One would prefer to see Athens left in majestic desolation amidst its barren hills rather than surrounded, as it is, by all the paltriness of cheap modern civilisation.

As you enter the port of the Piræus, leaving Salamis on the left and the Tomb of Themistocles on the right, one feels a certain irritation at seeing a Nordenfeldt submarine boat lying at anchor, and a tramway running along the quay. The irritation increases when the said tramway deposits you at the railway station, where you take a first-class ticket for Athens. Imagine going to Athens in a railway train! Midway the train stops at Phaleron, where, to the left of the track, you see a race-course, and to the right, a casino and restaurant. Here the plain of Athens begins, and you pass through vineyards, olive-groves, market-gardens, and hedges of cactus, until you reach the station of Athens, which is within a stone's-throw of the temple of Theseus, the best preserved of all the ruins of ancient Athens. At the station, hungry news-boys offer you the choice of the twenty daily and the twenty weekly papers published in the Grecian capital. You buy your *Neologos*, or your *Ephemeride*, hoping to struggle through the telegrams with the aid of your souvenirs of the Homeric vocabulary. At the door you hire a roomy landau, and a Greek coachman, dressed in loud check and looking as much as possible like an English stable-boy, drives you up to the entrance of the Acropolis. Here there is no disappointment. Mutilated as they are, the ruins of the Acropolis remain majestic, imposing, magnificent. No one, however sceptical and cynical, can stand on the Acropolis, and look through the Propylæa at the plain and hills of Attica, without feeling a kind of religious awe. The mere beauty of the site and the impression produced by the perfection of the proportions of the architecture fill one with admiration, apart from the very complicated species of respect and curiosity, evoked by the souvenirs attached to every stone and rock that one sees. The Acropolis is a historic spot, which one comes from the ends of the earth to see; and no traveller has yet been dull enough to regret his visit. But this is not the moment for retrospective enthusiasm or archaeological reverie.

Looking down over the Pelagic walls, we see the town of modern Athens, starting at the foot of the Acropolis and spreading away to the foot of Lycabettus. Let us go and inspect the city which has the audacity to cling to the name of the whilom capital of the world. Modern Athens is an untidy and unprosperous town, full of cafés and pharmacy shops. There is one handsome boulevard, lined with fine white marble houses, and one fine modern building, the University, which has the disadvantage of not being original; it is a more or less hypothetical reconstruction of a Greek temple, with central nave, wings, and two columns surmounted by statues. It is, however, interesting as an attempt to realise Greek polychrome architecture; the ornaments and flutings of the columns being picked out with gold. The rest of the town is a labyrinth of shabby streets, with here and there a square planted with trees, and a fragment of ancient Athens built round with shops and booths, and houses savouring of Oriental foulness.

In vain one seeks in Athens for the statuesque types of the models of Phidias. The thick-set, heavy, dark-skinned women look as unlike the Venus of Milo as possible, especially when they are dressed in gaudy French costume and flamboyant Rembrandt hats. As for the men, with the exception of a few handsome old Palikares, with their white plaited skirts and red caps with long tassels, they all look like brigands or sneaks. During the week I spent in and around Athens I did not meet a single Greek who looked me straightly and frankly in the face. Indeed, I used to amuse myself as I walked along by fixing some man who was coming towards me. Invariably he would blink, become confused, and end by a ceremonious salute. The modern Athenians seem to distrust each other and to distrust everybody else, and they have certainly retained all the duplicity and swindling propensities which were glorified by the divine Homer in the person of the hero of his "Odyssey."

Modern Athens is a town of loafing politicians, who hang all day about the pharmacy shops, smoke nargilehs at the cafés, or sit for hours at a little table, before a glass of water, surrounded by a dozen cackling friends, who do not even order a glass of water. How these poor café-keepers live is a mystery, for the price of the most luxurious "consummation"—namely, a cup of coffee—is only one penny. And yet the streets of Athens are lined with cafés. Industry, there seems to be none; in the country, agriculture is in a wretched condition, and the farms are badly cultivated, for the simple reason that the men are too lazy to work. Take, for instance, the Corinth Canal works, which employ from 1500 to 3000 men. In that number there are not half a dozen Greeks; the engineers are French, and the navvies are Italians, Austrians, and representatives of every nation except the Greek. Besides that, the last war with Turkey has ruined the treasury, and exchange is so high that commerce is impossible, even if there did not exist exorbitant prohibitory import duties.

With all this, these modern Greeks are puffed up with extraordinary patriotic pride. Because they live under the shadow of the Acropolis, and because they use the same alphabet as was used of old by Pericles and Plato, they imagine that they are the first nation of the earth; and their only regret is that they are so few in number that Europe will not recognise their greatness. To hear these Athenian politicians, journalists, and functionaries talk is to listen to a string of absurd, pretentious, and vain regrets. Outside of their own country the Greeks display unrivalled commercial sharpness, but in Greece they seem to settle down to an existence of prating idleness, exerting only a little activity in order to swindle each other and everybody with whom they come into contact. As for their intelligence, it is of a limited kind. The modern Greeks have singular facility in acquiring modern languages, and a common saying that you hear in the East is that a Greek can generally say nothing in six languages at least.

T. C.

Sir William Lewis, as founder of the South Wales Miners' Provident Society, has been presented with a cheque for £145 16d. 8d., made up of subscriptions from 35,300 colliers, each of whom gave one penny. Sir William intends handing the cheque over to the Merthyr Tydvil Hospital.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Several Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred.]

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2211 and 2213 received from Amateur (Havana); of 2214 from F. E. Gibbins (Tid); of No. 2215 from E. L. G. Cafa Xavier (Brussels); E. Holt (Rawtonstall); of 2216 from R. J. (Portadown), E. Louden, Fawcett, Trial, W. J. Greenwood, E. L. G., H. V. Crane, T. W. Newman, T. G. (Ware), and E. Holt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2217 received from R. H. Brooks, Joseph Ainsworth, C. Darragh, E. Casella (Paris), S. Bullen, E. Featherstone, H. Reeve, Hereward, E. L. G., H. Wardell, Lizzie Hawken, L. Wynan, N. S. H. ris, Clement Fawcett, R. L. Southwell, Shadforth, E. Elsbury, W. R. Rallem, Jupiter Junior, W. A. P. C. Oswald, Julia Short, L. Shrewwood, Ernest Sharnwood, E. Louden, A. G. Hunt, Ben Novis, A. Tannenbaum, G. W. Law, C. R. Baxter, W. Hillier, R. Twodell, Little Bits, Rev. G. T. Salubury, L. Falcon (Antwerp), B. R. Wood, W. Biddle, W. Heathcote, Mac George, W. B. Smith, E. Holt, R. H. Shaw, and Trial (Rothsay).

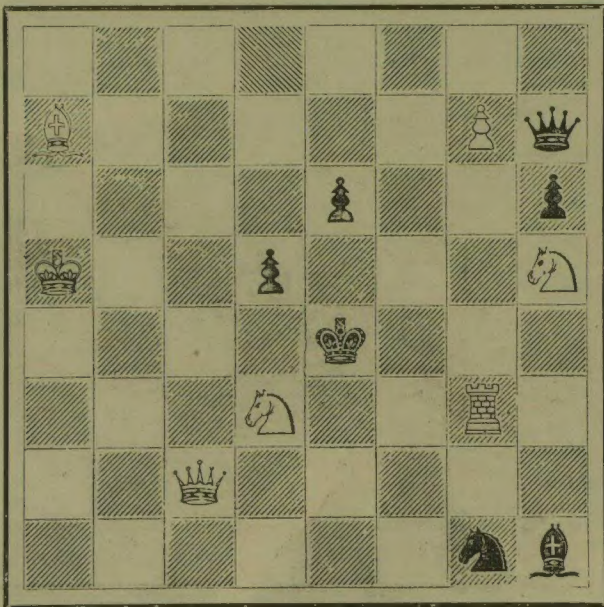
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2216.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Kt 5th. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2219.

By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played in the even tournament of the Irish Chess Association, during the meeting at Belfast, between Messrs. BURN and POLLOCK. We are indebted for the score and notes of this game to the *Belfast News Letter*. The notes are by Mr. Burn.

(Irregular Opening.)

|                  |                  |                |                |
|------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. B.)   | BLACK (Mr. P.)   | WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. P.) |
| 1. Kt to K B 3rd | P to K B 4th     | 18.            | R takes B      |
| 2. P to K 3rd    | Kt to K B 3rd    |                |                |
| 3. P to Q 4th    | P to K 3rd       |                |                |
| 4. P to Q B 4th  | B to Kt 5th (ch) |                |                |
| 5. Q Kt to Q 2nd | Castles          |                |                |
| 6. B to K 2nd    | P to Q Kt 3rd    |                |                |
| 7. Castles       | B to Kt 2nd      |                |                |
| 8. Q to B 2nd    | Kt to B 3rd      |                |                |
| 9. R to Q sq     | Q to K sq        |                |                |
| 10. Kt to K B sq | Kt to K 5th      |                |                |
| 11. Kt to K sq   | Q to Kt 3rd      |                |                |
| 12. Kt to K 3rd  |                  |                |                |

A hasty move, allowing Black to make a brilliant sacrifice. White should have played 12. P to K B 3rd, followed by 13. K to R sq, if Black retreated the Kt to Kt 4th.

12. Kt takes B P

13. K takes Kt

There is nothing better. If 13. Kt to K B 4th, then follows—

13. Kt takes Kt Kt to K 6th (ch)

14. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Q P

15. Kt to K B 4th Kt takes Q

16. Kt takes Q P takes Kt

and Black has won two Pawns; or, if—

13. P to Q 5th Kt takes Kt

14. P takes Kt Kt takes B

15. P takes B Kt takes B (ch)

16. Q takes Kt R to Kt sq,

with a winning game.

13. Kt takes Q P

14. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt

15. Kt takes Kt P to B 5th

16. Kt to K sq P takes P (ch)

17. K to Kt sq

17. K takes P. would, perhaps, have been better. Black would then have continued with 17. B takes Kt P.

17. R to B 7th

18. Kt to Kt 3rd

The only reply.

Appended is a second Game between the same players. It occurred in the Handicap Tourney, and, when compared with the foregoing Game, will be found most instructive to the student.

(Irregular Opening.)

|                  |                  |                |                |
|------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. B.)   | BLACK (Mr. P.)   | WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. P.) |
| 1. Kt to K B 3rd | P to K B 4th     |                |                |
| 2. P to K 3rd    | Kt to K B 3rd    |                |                |
| 3. P to Q 4th    | P to K 3rd       |                |                |
| 4. P to Q B 4th  | B to Kt 5th (ch) |                |                |
| 5. Q Kt to Q 2nd | Castles          |                |                |
| 6. B to K 2nd    | P to Q Kt 3rd    |                |                |
| 7. Castles       | B to Kt 2nd      |                |                |
| 8. Q to B 2nd    | Kt to Q B 3rd    |                |                |
| 9. R to Q sq     | Q to K sq        |                |                |
| 10. Kt to K B sq | Kt to K 5th      |                |                |
| 11. Kt to K sq   | Q to Kt 3rd      |                |                |

Up to this point, the moves in this and the game above are identical. I or both sides. Here Mr. Burn adopts the line of play suggested in his note, which effectually prevents a repetition of Mr. Pollock's "brilliance."

12. P to K B 3rd Kt to Kt 4th

13. K to R sq B to Q 3rd

14. P to Q R 3rd P to K R 4th

15. P to Q Kt 4th P to R 5th

16. B to K 2nd B to K 2nd

17. B to Kt 2nd P to R 6th

18. P to Kt 3rd Kt to Q sq

19. Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K B 2nd

20. Kt to Q 3rd Kt to R 3rd

21. R to K B sq P to B 5th

In a note accompanying this game, Mr. Burn describes Black's last move as a miscalculation. Black, he observes, A coup de grace! After which, Black resigns.

The handicap tournament of the Irish Chess Association is unfinished as we go to press. Messrs. Burn and Pollock head the score-list each with eleven points to his credit. Mr. Burn, however, has two games to play, Mr. Pollock only one, so that the possibilities are in favour of Mr. Burn carrying off the first prize.

The winter season of the Manchester Club was opened on Friday week, when Mr. Blackburne engaged twenty-two adversaries simultaneously. The play resulted in the champion winning seventeen games, drawing five, and losing none.

The season at the Athenæum Club, Camden Town, will be opened on the 16th inst., Mr. Blackburne playing twenty-four members simultaneously. Play will begin at 6.30 p.m.

The members of the Iron and Steel Institute concluded their autumn meeting yesterday week. Several practical questions were discussed.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. THOMAS GROSVENOR.

The Hon. Thomas George Grosvenor, C.B., died suddenly, at St. Petersburg, on the 8th inst. He was born Feb. 6, 1842, the second son of Robert, Lord Ebury, by Charlotte Arbuthnot, his wife, eldest daughter of Henry, first Lord Cowley, and was consequently nephew of the first Marquis of Westminster. His career was altogether diplomatic. In 1861 he was nominated Attaché, and after filling posts at Berlin, Washington, Madrid, and Vienna, became, in 1879, Secretary of Legation at Pekin, and acted as Chargé d'Affaires from 1882 to 1883. In 1885 he was promoted to be Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1876. Mr. Grosvenor married April 24, 1877, Sophia, only daughter of S. Wells Williams, LL.D., formerly United States Minister in China.

MR. CALEDON DU PRÉ.

Mr. Caledon George Du Pré, J.P. and D.L., of Wilton Park, Bucks, M.P. for that county 1839 to 1874, died on the 7th inst. He was born March 28, 1803, the eldest son of Mr. James Du Pré, of Wilton Park, High Sheriff in 1825, by Madeline, his wife, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart., of Monreith, and grandson of Josias Du Pré, Governor of Madras, by Rebecca, his wife, sister of James, first Earl of Caledon. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1825. He held, for a short period, a commission in the 1st Life Guards, and was elected, in the Conservative interest, M.P. for Bucks, which county he continued to represent up to 1874. He married, in 1833, Louisa Cornwallis, third daughter of Sir William Maxwell, fifth Baronet of Monreith, and had two daughters.

MR. LATHAM.

Mr. George William Latham, M.A., of Bradwall Hall, Cheshire, J.P., late M.P. for the Crewe Division of that county, died at his seat near Sandbach, on the 4th inst. He was born May 4, 1827, the second son of the late John Latham, D.C.L., of Bradwall Hall, by Elizabeth Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Dampier, Judge of the Court of King's Bench, and grandson of Dr. John Latham, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians (who purchased Bradwall in 1802), by Mary, his wife, daughter and coheir of the Rev. Peter Meyer. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1849; was called to the Bar in 1852, and went the North Wales and Chester Circuit. In 1880, he contested, unsuccessfully, Mid Chester, but was returned for the Crewe Division in December, 1885. He married, Aug. 21, 1856, Elizabeth Sarah, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Luttman Johnson, of Binderton House, Sussex, and leaves issue.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BARROW.

Lieutenant-General Charles Malcolm Barrow, C.B., late of the Bombay Staff Corps, died on the 7th inst., at 37, West Cromwell-road, aged sixty-seven. He entered the Bombay army in 1837, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1882. His services commenced in Afghanistan in 1839, at the storming of Ghuznee and in the attack on the stronghold of Ruheen Khan; and in 1848, having obtained his captaincy, he took part in the Punjab campaign of 1848, at the surrender of Mooltan and the battle of Goojerat. Subsequently, in 1857-8, he commanded the 19th Bombay Native Infantry against the Gwalior mutineers, and in the pursuit through Central India. In 1873 the decoration of C.B. was conferred on him. He married, first, Euphemia, daughter of Mr. J. Leckie, of Manchester-square, which lady died in 1880; and secondly, in 1881, Caroline Mary, daughter of the late Mr. A. St. John Richardson, Bombay Civil Service.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. William Barnes, B.D., Rector of Winterbourne, Came, the Dorset poet, aged eighty-six. His portrait, with a memoir, is given on another page.

The Hon. Thomas Knyvet Tyrwhitt, eighth son of Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, Bart., of Stanley Hall, Shropshire, by his wife, Emma Harriet, Baroness Berners, in her own right, on the 8th inst., aged twenty-one.

Mr. Robert James Wigram, second son of the late Right Hon. Sir James Wigram, Vice Chancellor, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Arkwright, of Willersley Castle, in the county of Derby, on the 6th inst., at Davos-Platz, Switzerland, aged fifty-four.

Mr. John Menzies Baillie, of Culter Allers, Lanarkshire, on the 6th inst., at his residence, near Biggar, N.B.; he was second son of the late Mr. Robert Granbery Baillie, of Culter Allers, and succeeded to the property at the decease of his brother, in 1880.

Colonel William Denny, late 71st Highland Light Infantry, on the 5th inst., aged eighty-two. During the Canadian revolt, 1838-39, he served under Lord Seaton; and in 1855 he commanded the 71st, but was invalided in the following June. He had the medal and clasp for Sebastopol, the Turkish medal, and the fifth class of the Medjidieh.

The Very Rev. James B. Kavanagh, D.D., parish priest of Kildare, a member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland, on the 5th inst., aged sixty-six. The death of this much-respected clergyman arose from a remarkable and most melancholy accident. As he was standing in front of the altar, towards the end of mass, a marble figure fell and struck him with such force that he survived only half an hour.

The trustees of the Radcliffe estate, in response to an application of the Wolverton people, have granted a field of twenty-six acres, near the town, for the purpose of allotments. Possession was taken by the new tenants on Monday.—At Stony-Stratford a plot of twelve acres has been granted for the same purpose.

The Royal Commission on the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, &c., have finished a tour of visits to some of the principal institutions of the North of England and Scotland. Besides inspecting a large number of institutions, the Commissioners had numerous interviews with ladies and gentlemen interested in the cause of the classes included in the terms of reference, with superintendents of outdoor missions, and with deputations of blind working men. The Commissioners have accumulated, through personal observation, a mass of valuable information, which they propose to supplement during the ensuing months by the oral testimony of the principal witnesses of the institutions referred to.

David E. Cook, manager of bathing-machines at Lowestoft, who has been instrumental in saving sixty-two persons from drowning, has been awarded the clasp of the Royal Humane Society (having previously received the medal and a testimonial) for saving a lady and her daughter.—At the Reading Borough magistrates office on Monday, the Mayor, Mr. Arthur Hill, publicly presented William Knight, a youth, with the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal, for heroic conduct on Saturday, July 24 last, when a man fell out of a boat in a dangerous part of the Thames known as Dreadnought Reach. Knight, who was on the bank fully dressed, plunged into the water, and at considerable risk brought the man safely to shore. This is the fourth life he has saved.



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## CONTEMPLATION IS THE ONLY LASTING PLEASURE. THE DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY.

"Out of eternity this new day is born;  
Into eternity at night doth return;

Behold it aforesaid, no eyes ever did,  
So soon it for ever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue day,  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?"

### TO THE WISE.

Nor love thy life, nor hate;  
But what thou livest live well."—Milton.

### TO THE FOOLISH.

A man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise.

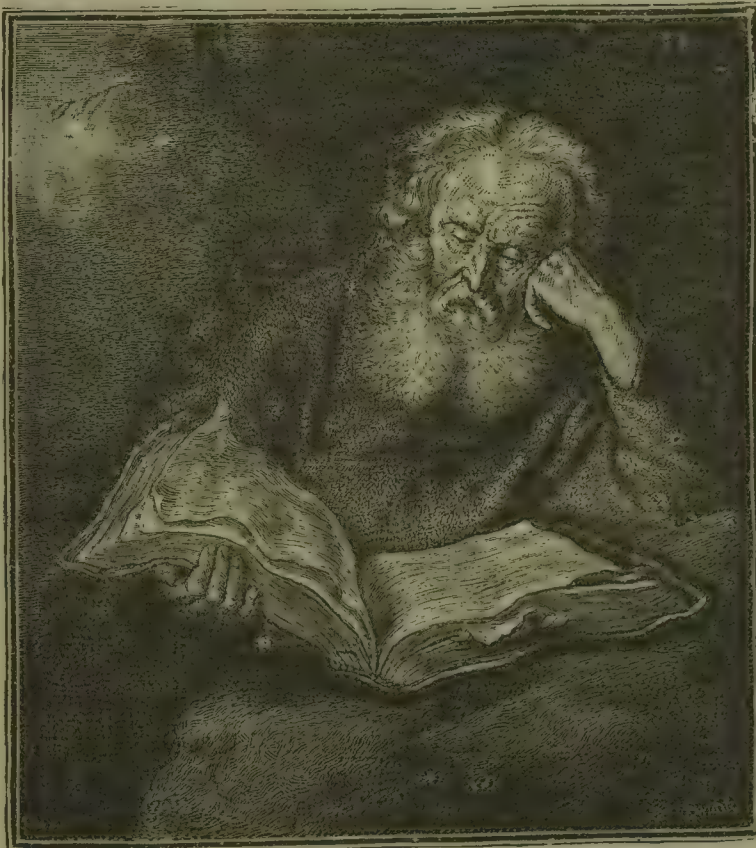
### ADVICE TO WOULD-BE SUICIDES.—

POLITICS, &c.—Many hold their lives so cheap as to commit the terrible crime of suicide. Instead, however, of recklessly attaining that end by poison, the rope, pistol, or knife, &c., we recommend the following modes—as being more natural, and quite as effectual.—Wear thin shoes on damp nights, and keep every apartment air-tight. Keep the mind in a round of unnatural excitement, by politics (to enable you to produce election fever), trashy novels, and gambling speculations, either on cards, races, or stock. Go to operas, minstrel concerts, theatres in all sorts of weather, and, when steaming hot with perspiration, rush into the cold air with your coat or shawl hanging over your arm. In balls, dance till exhausted, and then go home in your pumps through the damp streets and air. Sleep on feather beds in the smallest and closest room in the house. Eat immoderately of hot and stimulating diet. Never drink anything weaker than strong tea, nor anything stronger than neat whiskey or brandy. Teach your children early to drink strong coffee, chow or smoke tobacco. Marry in a hurry, and growl and repent for the rest of your life. Never masticate fool, but bolt it like a serpent. Follow any exciting or unhealthy business, if money can be made at it, so that your friends may console themselves for your early death. Never go to bed before midnight, and then with a full stomach. Eat little niceties, such as pastries, unripe fruit, lunch, wine, &c., between meals. Be always in a passion, either of anger or love. When ailing, pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise, or occupation. Always avoid ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Attempt no conformity to the laws of life, but gormandise to your uttermost bent, and you will be surprised to learn of the body what—

A frail and flick'ring tenement it is,  
Which, like the brittle glass that measures time,  
Is often broke ere half its sands are run.

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THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

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ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

BILE-LADEN BLOOD.—Healthy Bile.—When the liver is not making healthy bile, or insufficient quantity, the blood becomes impure—the groundwork of disease—and produces constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, headaches, &c. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the best remedy.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.—"Having come out here on business and pleasure several days ago, and having had a very severe and protracted passage from England, whereby the whole of us were prostrated by sea-sickness in its most severe form, and after being here a few days, we set out to visit the Hot Springs, and on our return hence the reaction of the sea-sickness, combined with the change of living, began to tell upon us. We were troubled with flatulency, biliousness, nausea, and giddiness, which rendered us rather miserable, and one of our party being provided with pills, we took several, but without any result. Struggling through the small town, one of us happened, accidentally, to see a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT in the window of a store, and we immediately went and purchased it. We can assure you that this seemed an unexpected blessing, for we knew its good qualities well enough to know that we had a medicine which at least we could rely upon for setting us up again. We have had two doses before breakfast yesterday and to-day, and the effect is really wonderful. All traces of headache, biliousness, &c., have passed away, and we are in first-class spirits, and able to appreciate and see with pleasure the wonderful vagaries of nature in this district. We can unhesitatingly recommend your preparation to all who may be similarly afflicted, and trust that it may meet with a still wider sale, as its good and excellent qualities fully entitle it.

"TRUTH,  
"Mr. Eno, London. Reykjavik, Iceland, Oct. 9."

CAUTION.—Legal rights are protected in every civilized country. Read the following:—"In the Supreme Court of Sydney (N.S.W.) an appeal from a decree of Sir W. Manning perpetually restraining the Defendant (Hogg) and giving heavy damages to the Plaintiff, has, after a most exhaustive trial of two days' duration, been unanimously dismissed with costs."—Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 28.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.  
PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.





1. The Golden Pagoda at Pagan.  
2. Out for a Walk in Rangoon.

3. A Native Swell.  
4. Officers' Quarters at Pagan.

5. Officers' Mess-House. 6. Burmese Bells.  
7. Courtyard of the Golden Pagoda at Pagan.

SKETCHES FROM BURMAH.—BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GOORKHAS.





"FISHING BOATS."

DRAWN BY K. MACAULAY.

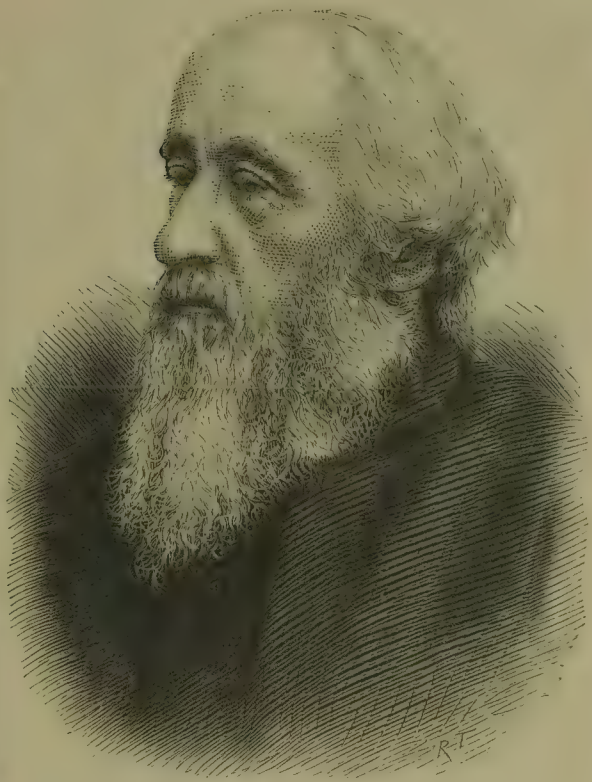




STATUE OF SISTER DORA.  
BY MR. F. WILLIAMSON, ESHER.

#### "SISTER DORA."

On Monday last, at the manufacturing town of Walsall, in Staffordshire, took place the unveiling of a marble statue of "Sister Dora," the late Miss Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, one of the "Sisterhood of Good Samaritans," who laboured above twelve years in nursing at the Walsall Cottage Hospital, and especially showed heroic self-devotion, courage, and fortitude during the epidemic of small-pox, besides attending many of the poor at their own homes. This estimable Christian lady died at the end of the year 1878; and the inhabitants of Walsall—the poorer classes in large proportion—have subscribed the fund for erecting her statue in the market-place. We present an illustration of the statue, which is the work



THE LATE REV. W. BARNES,  
THE DORSETSHIRE POET AND ANTIQUARY.

of Mr. F. Williamson, of Esher. The figure is of Sicilian marble, 7 ft. 10 in. high, in a standing posture, with a Sister's cap, dress, and apron, the hands holding a roll of bandage as if preparing to dress the injury of a patient. The features express the sweetness and gentleness of the face of the living Sister Dora, while the pose of the head and the whole figure are full of grace. The original design was to have included four relieves on the panels of the pedestal, symbolising different scenes in Sister Dora's hospital life. It should be mentioned that, shortly after her death, a memorial window was placed in the parish church of Walsall, at a cost of £300, and a fund of £700 was collected for the purpose of sending patients to convalescent homes.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue was performed by Mr. Beebee, formerly Mayor of Walsall. It was witnessed by about 40,000 persons, and treats were provided for 7000 children, 1000 poor, and fifty residents in the almshouses; and in the evening Mr. Beebee entertained all the leading residents in St. George's Hall. Rejoicings were general throughout the town, and fireworks and other attractions were freely provided for the amusement of the people.

Last Saturday evening, the introductory lecture of a series to be given at Toynbee Hall, Commercial-street, Whitechapel, weekly during the winter months was given by Mrs. Fawcett to a large audience. The subject was "John Wicliff and the Dawn of the Reformation in England." To-day Colonel Sir Charles Warren lectures on "Jerusalem and Palestine."



"A PASSING CLOUD"—MARBLE STATUETTE.  
BY MR. GEORGE HALSE.

#### "A PASSING CLOUD."

This statuette, by Mr. G. Halse, was among the sculpture at the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy, where the grace of the figure and attitude, with the interesting expression of thoughtful and attentive observation, won the approving comments of those who care for sculpture as an art, and as a means of representing characteristic moods of sentiment. Our readers have now an opportunity of reviving their memory of the pleasing design, with which the work in marble had perhaps made them acquainted, if they lingered a moment before it when they visited the Exhibition. We may be allowed to suppose that the "passing cloud" is in the sky, and is not a cloud of sorrow in her own mind.



COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE HYDERABAD COURT.



## THE LATE REV. W. BARNES.

The Dorsetshire dialect of English, which has some philological interest and much originality of expression, has been raised to literary rank by the learned Rector of Winterbourne Came, who died last week, at a very advanced age. The Rev. William Barnes was born at Sturminster Newton, in the Vale of Blackmore, of an old Dorsetshire family settled at Gillingham since the reign of Henry VIII. Having taken his University degree, and holy orders, he for some years conducted a private school at Dorchester, and received pupils studying Hindostanee and Persian for the Indian Civil Service. In 1847 he was appointed to clerical duty as Curate of Whitcombe, and was instituted to the Rectory of Winterbourne in 1862. He began, early in life, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on topographical and antiquarian subjects. He devoted much study to the Anglo-Saxon language and literature, and published a comparative grammar, a *Delectus of Anglo-Saxon history*, an "Outline of English Speechcraft," and several essays in etymology and comparative philology, besides his grammar and glossary of the Dorset dialect. His poems of rustic life, in that dialect, occupying three or four volumes, are beautiful compositions of the idyllic and lyrical species, and prove the capability of the provincial vernacular, in a master-hand, for melodious verse, picturesque description, and strong expression of natural feeling. They have gained the approval of literary critics, and will not fall into obscurity. Mr. Barnes also wrote poems in common English; he made researches into British antiquities, as well as Saxon, and composed a dramatic piece on the Bible story of Ruth.

It is pleasant to know that there are still some holiday-seekers who can find enjoyment, and even excitement, anywhere below the line of perpetual snow. Mr. Paterson's *Mountainering* (Redway) may have, too, the further use of showing our fellow-countrymen that within the four seas there are spots of beauty worthy of an effort to attain, and mountain crags which need an effort to scale. Mr. Paterson writes with all the enthusiasm of Christopher North, of the Lake District; and some of his adventures among the Fells, such as "Wynose in a Storm," are worthy of a place among the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." His walk from Llandudno, in a bee-line, to Capel Curig, through rain and mist, was not without incidents of excitement; and only those who have done the journey in fine weather can realise fully the dangers he escaped in climbing the slopes of the Carnedd Llwyell and Davydd. The country of the Ettrick Shepherd, Talla Water, and the "Lakes" which lie at the Tweed-dale, the hunting-grounds of Claverhouse above Moffat-dale, offer an almost inexhaustible field to "ochlophobists," and all for whom the wear and tear of London or town-life prescribe a short respite from the daily mill-work. On the ridge which divides the Tweed and Meggat-water, and marks the boundary between Peebles and Dumfries, Mr. Paterson came across the Moltebær (Anglicé, cloud-berry), so common in Norway, and so rare in our isles as to be practically unknown. The addition, by artificial means, of this delicious and luxuriant fruit to our moors and highlands would be a boon to inhabitants and visitors. The latter portion of Mr. Paterson's volume deals with "Bye-paths in South Norway," which seem to have been little beaten since

their charms were first made known to the world by the late Mr. Metcalfe ("The Oxonian in Thelemarken"). From Christiansand, whence Mr. Paterson started, the more beautiful and distinctive features of the district are, we would suggest, scarcely so accessible as from Laurvig, a short distance round the coast; and although Sætersdal and Byglands Fjord would by this arrangement be missed, the road to Valle would be found to afford ample compensations, and, unless time has much changed Thelemarken for the worse, very fair accommodation. The most ambitious ascent attempted by Mr. Paterson was that of Gausta—the "Lion of South Norway"—about 6200 ft. above sea-level; but although considerably less above Dal, the starting-point, the climb is a long and tedious one, over a wide area of splintered angular rocks. The view from the summit, however, is seldom satisfactory, for, as travellers in Norway have frequently experienced, tantalising mists obscure the prospect on the brightest days. We can heartily recommend this volume, both as pleasant reading and as a useful guide. Mr. Paterson is an observant traveller, and more anxious to tell us what he sees and hears than to describe his own feelings and reflections. The etchings by Mr. Mackarness, with which the volume is illustrated, are delicately executed; and, so far as our memory serves us, sufficiently accurate to make us regret that they are not more numerous.

At the opening day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting last Monday, Mr. L. De Rothschild won the Trial Plate with Middlethorpe, the Duke of Portland the October Post Produce Stakes with Amena, Mr. A. Briscoe the Visitors' Plate with St. George, Mr. Manton the Clearwell Stakes with Lourdes and the Maiden Plate with Mezzotint, Mr. Legh the First Welter Handicap with John Barleycorn, and Mr. Brett the Second October Nursery Stakes with Agnostic. Sir G. Chetwynd's Kingwood walked over for the Cadogan Plate.—A field of eighteen competed for the Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket on Tuesday, and the prize was won by Mr. Vyner's Stone Clank, an outsider, against which the betting was 30 to 1. The Duke of Beaufort's The Cob and Mr. J. Hammond's Eurasian, also despised outsiders, were second and third respectively. The other races resulted as follows:—Heath Stakes, Mr. J. Hammond's Ripon; Royal Stakes, Prince Solykoff's Mephisto; Welter Handicap, Mr. J. Lowther's Yule Tide; Maiden Plate, Lord Alington's Kingfisher; Sweepstakes, Mr. Heasman's Rosy Morn; Maiden Riders' Plate, Mr. C. Archer's Saucy Bell; Stand Nursery, Mr. F. Lawson's Guy Mannerling.—On Wednesday, the Middle Park Plate fell to Lord Calthorpe's Florentine, who easily beat Enterprise, the favourite, by two lengths. Prince Solykoff's Mechlin won the High-Weight Handicap, vanquishing Gay Hermit by three-quarters of a length. Lord Rosebery's Touch-and-Go won the Cambridgeshire Welter Plate in a canter; Mr. Manton's Oberon gained the Select Plate. Of the races that followed the Middle Park Plate, Mr. P. Renfrew's Thunderstorm won the Flying Welter Handicap.

The stale confidence trick has been practised with success on a policeman, of all persons. On Friday, last week, Sergeant Gilson, of the Cheshire police, was induced by two confederates to intrust them with his purse and watch. The prosecutor recognised one of the men—an elderly, clerical-looking person—at the Euston Station on Saturday, and had him arrested.

## THE-HYDERABAD COURT OF THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Deserted though the courtyard of the Indian Palace has looked since that assiduous Royal favourite, Dr. Tyler, C.I.E., has returned with his company of Indian workmen to Agra, the public troops in as large battalions as ever to admire the many attractions of the Exhibition, which will have drawn over Five Million visitors to South Kensington by the Tenth of November, the date fixed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for its close. Thereafter, the greater part of the exhibits will be stored to form the nucleus of the Imperial Institute, which is, at the suggestion of the Prince, to be raised as an exceedingly appropriate memorial of the Jubilee of the Queen's reign.

In our ramble through the wonderfully interesting Indian courts (the most valuable of which is the remarkably instructive ethnological annexe, so skilfully stocked by keen and erudite Dr. George Watt, C.I.E.), brief mention was made of the handsome section devoted to the Nizam of Hyderabad. This powerful Indian Prince, whose rich court is now illustrated, presented to the Royal Commission the fine gilt lacquer screen at the western end of the promenade. Bidri ware, being one of the principal manufactures of Hyderabad, is suitably used for the second and sixth arches of the Hyderabad Court. This ware is of blackened pewter, inlaid with gold (for which brass is here substituted), silver, or copper. Lacquer arches are on each side the central Tazza, which is of the type commonly constructed during the Mohorran festival, to represent the Mausoleum of Hassan and Hussein. The exquisite workmanship of the most skilful artisans of Hyderabad is shown also in the beautiful gold-embroidered cloths of Aurangabad and Gulbarga, in the excellent Aurangabad jewellery and silver ware, in the silver filigree boxes resembling Delhi silver work, and in the numerous articles artistically fashioned from bidri ware. Fine as Damascus blades are the steel weapons made in Hyderabad. The pure silk saris of Raichur, the flowered silks of Aurangabad, the salmon-coloured muslins woven in handlooms, and the Kaki coloured muslins are among the other most admired exhibits of the Hyderabad Court, which will doubtless be preserved in the coming Imperial Institute, towards the erection of which large and liberal subscriptions are being received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

A petroleum spring has been discovered at Bannatorffann, near Geevah, in the county of Sligo.

On Monday evening, at St. James's Hall, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave his last lecture in London, to a large audience, the subject being "Evolution and Religion."

The Queen has directed the issue of a Royal Commission in connection with the proposed International Exhibition to be held at Adelaide next year. The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed president of the Commission, and Sir Herbert Sandford secretary.

The thirteenth annual provincial meeting of the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom opened at York on Tuesday, when Mr. H. V. Parker gave his address as president. On the previous evening the Lady Mayoress received the members of the society and of the Yorkshire Law Society and their friends in the Mansion House.

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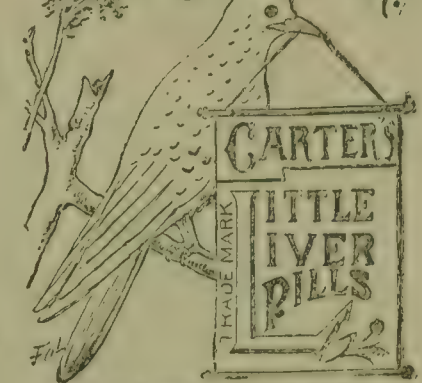


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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

While I read, Bess sat in the window seat, her hands clasped, her eyes soft and melting.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.



## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## AFTER JACK'S DEPARTURE.

When Jack was gone I suppose that Deptford remained just as full of noise and business as before. As much hammering went on in the Yard; there was as much piping and shouting on the river; there was as much drinking and bawling in the town. But to some of us the place seemed to have become suddenly and strangely quiet. Our Lieutenant had been ashore three or four months in all, yet he filled the town with his presence, a thing which only strong and masterful men can do. Most of us when we go are not missed at all, and our places are quickly filled up, whether we sail away to sea upon a cruise or are carried to the grave.

Whoever is absent, the events of the days continue to follow each other and to occupy the minds of those who wait at home. 'Twas a stirring time, and though others, and worse, have followed, and we are even now in a great war, the issue of which no man can predict, it seems to me that those years were more full of interest than any which have followed. Why, one remembers even the things that are most readily forgotten: how, for instance, the Speedwell yacht moved against wind and tide, and beat four miles an hour; how four tradesmen of the City were in a pleasure-boat off Margate when they were picked up by a French privateer and ransomed for three hundred and twenty pounds; how the wounded soldiers were brought home and carried through the town in waggons; how the recruits quartered in the Savoy mutinied, and were quickly shot down; how Mary Walker, of Retherhithe, was barbarously murdered and her niece hanged for the crime (though there were many who wept for the poor girl, and believed her protestations of innocence, which she continued, with cries and tears, to the very end); how seventy men of the Namur walked all the way from Portsmouth to the Admiralty to complain of their rations, and fifteen were hanged for punishment; and how—a thing which pleased me much—there was a great sale of pictures, at which a Claude Lorraine fetched as much as a hundred guineas, a Correggio £40, a Rubens £79, and a Raphael over £700. But these are now old stories, though then they made talk for the world.

Bess, keeping mostly at home, applied herself diligently to acquire the arts of reading and writing, so that her lover might never be accused of marrying an illiterate woman. These arts, mastered even in childhood with great difficulty and painful labour, are far more difficult to acquire after one has arrived at maturity. By great patience, however, Bess so far succeeded, that, after two years' application, she was able to make her way slowly through a page of large and clear print, leaving out the hard words. This achievement satisfied her, because she was not in the least degree curious concerning the contents of books, and did not desire information on any subject whatever. She also learned to write her own name, her father teaching her; 'twas, I remember, in a fine flowing hand, with flourishes after the Penman's style; but she could write nothing else, nor could she ever read the written character. To one who considers the ignorance of such a girl as Bess, who neither reads nor writes, doth not hear the talk of exchanges and coffee-rooms, and has never been to school, her mind must seem a state of darkness indeed. The whole of the world's history, except that portion of it which is connected with our Redeemer, is entirely unknown to her. Geography, present politics, the exact sciences, the fine arts, poetry, and letters—all these things are words, and nothing more, to her. Such was this girl's ignorance, and such was her apathy as regards knowledge, that she desired to learn nothing except what would please her sweetheart. With this end in view she used to lay out the charts on the Apothecary's table, and would make Mr. Brinjes tell her about all the ports at which Jack had touched and the seas over which he had sailed. "I love Jack," was all the burden of her song. He was never out of her mind: the world might go to wrack and she would care nothing if only her lover remained in safety and was brought back to her arms.

She begged me to tell her what other things, if any, a gentlewoman generally learns, so that she might teach herself these things as well. Willingly would I have done this, but on inquiry I could not discover anything—I mean any serious study—which was necessary or possible for her to undertake. I knew but one gentlewoman with whom to compare Bess. This was Castilla. Certainly, Castilla had commenced the study of the French language; but I know not how far she advanced, and I have not learned that she was ever able to read a book in that tongue. Then, in the matter of arts and sciences, Castilla was certainly as ignorant as Bess. And when I came to consider the subject, I could not discover that she was any fonder than Bess of reading, or more desirous to extend her knowledge by means of books. There are, it is true, certain accomplishments in which a young gentlewoman is instructed. Castilla had learned to dance, and in the Assembly there were none who performed a minuet with more grace, though some perhaps with more stateliness, because she was short of stature. In a country dance she had no equal. But Bess, for her part, who had never been taught by any dancing-master, could dance a jig, a lay, or a hornpipe, rolling like a sailor, snapping her fingers, and singing the while, so as to do your eyes good only to see the unstudied grace and spirit of her movements. Then Castilla had been taught the harpsichord, and could play at least three, if not four, tunes. But Bess had never even seen a harpsichord, and as she did not possess one she could not be taught to play upon it. Then there is singing. Nothing is more pleasant to the ear than the singing of a beautiful woman. Castilla had a low voice, but it was sweet and musical; she had been taught to sing by the same master who had taught her the harpsichord, and she could sing several songs. To please my father she used to sing "Drink to me only with thine eyes"; to please the Admiral she sang "To all you ladies, now on land"; to please me she sang "Sweet, if you love me, let me go"; and all so charmingly, never dropping a note, making no mistakes in word or tune, and with such grace of voice and pretty gentle way that it ravished those who heard her. But as for Bess, she had a full rich voice, and she sang out loud, so that she might have been heard half-way across the river. She knew fifty songs, and was always learning new ones. She would listen to the ballad-singer in the street, and to the sailors bawling in the taverns, and would then go away and practise the song by herself till she was perfect. She sang them all to please Jack; but after he was gone she sang no more—sitting mope, like a moulting canary-bird. It was pretty to listen while she sang, sitting with one hand upon Jack's shoulder, and the other clasped in his love-sick fingers—

The landlord he looks very big,  
With his high cocked hat and his powdered wig;  
Methinks he looks both fair and fat;  
But he may thank you and me for that.  
For oh! good ale, thou art my darling,  
And my joy both night and morning.

Or, sometimes, "Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy,

boys?" or, "Come all ye sailors bold, lend me an ear." Another was a plaintive ditty, the choice of which we may believe to have been inspired in some prophetic mood—

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,  
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:  
"Oh! don't deceive me. Oh! never leave me.  
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

As regards housewifery, Castilla could make conserves, cakes, puddings, and fruit-pies, and she could distil strong waters for the still-room. Bess, for her part, could make bread, pies of all kinds, including sea-pie, onion pie, salmagundy, and lobscouse; she could cook a savoury dish of liver and bacon, of beefsteak and onions, of ducks stuffed; she could make tansy puddings, and many other pleasant things for dinner. She could also brew beer, and had many secrets in flavouring it with hops, ivy-berries, yewberries, and other things. As for needle-work, Castilla could, it is true, embroider flowered aprons, and do Turkey work, and tent-stitch, work handkerchiefs in catgut, and such pretty things. But Bess could knit stockings for her father or herself; she made her own frocks and trimmed her own straw hats. As to playing cards, Castilla knew a great many games, such as Quadrille, Whist, Ombre, Pope Joan, and Speculation; but Bess, for her part, could play All-fours, Pat, Ship-snap-snorum, Laugh-and-lie-down, and Cribbage. Then, but this signified little, Castilla collected shells, which were brought to the house by sailors, and made grottoes; she could also cut out figures, and even landscapes, in black paper; she could make screens by sticking pictures on paper; and she knew several pretty girls' games, such as Draw-gloves, and Questions and Command. Bess knew none of these little accomplishments, and as for games, she loved best the boys' sports, such as Tagg and Thrush-a-thrush, which she used to play with Jack and me when we were young. The chief difference, so far as I could understand, in the education of the two girls, was that one could carry a fan, manage a hoop, and behave after the manner of gentlewomen, which the other could not do. And I could not recommend Bess either to put on a hoop, or to buy a fan, or to powder and paint, or to lay on patches, by all of which things she would have made herself ridiculous.

There are some things, however, which cannot be learned. Such are sweetness of disposition, that finer kind of modesty which belongs to gentle breeding, grace of carriage, respect to elders, and the equal distribution of favours and smiles, so as not to show too openly the secret preferences of the heart. In all these things Bess was naturally inferior to Castilla, and these, unfortunately, I could not teach her, nor could Mr. Brinjes.

I could therefore advise her nothing but to study at every opportunity, and especially in church, the carriage and demeanour of the quality and the fashion of their dress, which I recommended her to adopt at such a distance as her means and station would allow.

You may be sure that there were many at Deptford who waited anxiously for news of the Tartar—most of the crew belonging to the town, and none of them being pressed men, but all volunteers, who took the King's bounty. But for three or four months we heard nothing. Then news came to the Dockyard, and was taken to the Club in the evening by the Resident Commissioner.

"Admiral," he said, "and gentlemen all, I bring you good news. 'Tis of the Tartar."

"Good news?" cried the Admiral. "Then the boy is well. Bring more punch, ye black devil!"

"The Tartar has put into Spithead with a thumping prize. Twelve men killed, and the master and mate. Twenty wounded; but only the Second Lieutenant among the officers, and he slightly."

"This is brave hearing, gentlemen," said the Admiral.

"The prize is a privateer from Rochelle, 20 guns and 170 men. She made, it is reported a gallant resistance. No doubt, we shall have further particulars by private despatches."

In two days there came by the post two letters, both from Jack. One of these was for the Admiral, which I do not transcribe, although I was privileged to read it; and another, for me. I knew very well that the letter was not for me, but for another. Wherefore I made an excuse for not opening it before the company, and carried it off to Mr. Brinjes, where I found Bess sitting, as was her wont in the afternoon.

"I have heard," she said, "that there has been fighting on board the Tartar. The people in the town are talking about it."

"Jack is safe, and the Tartar has taken a prize, Bess; and here is a letter."

So I tore it open in her presence. It was exactly as I thought. That is to say, there were a few words directing me to give the inclosed packet to his dear girl, the mistress of his heart; and she very joyfully received it, snatching it out of my hands with a strange jealousy, as if she grudged that anybody should have in his hands, even for a minute, what belonged to her and was a gift from her lover. It was the same with everything, down to the smallest ribbon which Jack gave her, she could not bear that another should so much as touch it, even a man. As for a woman being allowed to look at her lover's gifts—well, it was a jealous creature, but she loved him.

First, like a mad thing, she fell to kissing the letter. "Oh!" she cried, holding it with both hands, but kindly permitting me to scent its fragrance, which was, to say the truth, like a mixture of bilge-water, lamp-oil, cheese, rum, and gunpowder. "Oh, it actually smells of the ship!" In fact, the letter, no doubt from having been written on paper long kept below with the purser's stores, smelt of that part of the ship where the stores are kept. "It is just like violets," she added; but the smell of Jack's ship was better to her than that of any violets. And so she kissed it again.

"Shall we read it?" I said. "The letter, I suppose, was meant to be read as well as to be kissed."

She gave it to me reluctantly. I do not think she wanted to know the contents. Enough that Jack had written her a letter. What greater proof of love could be given to any girl?

"Do you think he wanted it to be read?" she asked. "Wouldn't he be contented if he knew that I had it safe and was keeping it next to my heart, against his coming home?"

"You are a fool, Bess," said Mr. Brinjes; "let Luke read it. Why, the letter will tell us all about the fighting. Why else should he take the trouble to write a letter at all? Do you think a man likes writing letters? As for me, I never received a letter in my life, and I never wrote one."

She gave up the letter with a sigh. If she had been able to read it herself, no one else would have seen it.

"Jack having taken so much trouble," Mr. Brinjes continued, "would be disrespectful not to read it. What he writes to you, my girl, he writes for me as well."

"Mistress of my heart," I began, reading the letter. "Is that meant for you, Mr. Brinjes?"

"Except a word or two just to show that he hasn't forgotten you, Bess, of course. Why, as for that, such words mean nothing except that the boy is in love. I've known a man so bewitched with love as to call a half-naked black wench

his goddess and his nymph. Yet it seemed to please the girl. Go on, Luke."

"Mistress of my heart"—while I read, Bess sat in the window seat, her hands clasped, her eyes soft and melting; her breath caught short and quick, and continually interrupting with ejaculations—such as, "Oh, Jack!" and "Oh, my brave boy!"—wrung from her heart by the joy of loving and being loved. But these I omit.

"Mistress of my heart and queen of my soul! My dearest Bess,—Since I sailed from Deptford, I have thought of you every day and every night. If I were by your side I should give you a thousand hugs and kisses. There never was a more lovely maid than my Less. My dear, we have had our first tussle, and warm work it was; but the enemy is now snug and comfortable under hatches, where he will remain until we come to anchor in the Solent, and carry him up Porchester Creek to rest awhile. I think he has got a headache, Bess, after the noise of the guns; and, perhaps, the small shot have given him a toothache, and the cannon-balls have very likely made his legs rheumatic. We had a fine time the last time ashore, hadn't we, Bess? I shan't forget the room behind the shop, nor the summer-house where Luke caught us kissing, and you blushed crimson. Well, I daresay I shall get ashore again some time, though not, I hope, like our poor carpenter's mate, who has had both legs amputated, and will now for ever go on stumps. If your Jack came home on stumps, would you send him about his business, Bess? We fell in with the enemy."

"Here the letter begins," said Mr. Brinjes. "What would before was like the froth on a pot of stingo."

"We fell in with the enemy on the morning of the 18th, this being February the 20th. We should have missed her altogether, but, by the blessing of Providence, the fog cleared away and showed us the ship, half a mile or thereabouts off the weather-bow. 'Twas in full Channel. She hoisted the French flag, and we returned the compliment—such was our politeness—with a cannon-shot, pitched a yard or two wide of her. The enemy scorned to show her heels (wherefore I honour her, and give her what is due); perhaps because she carried heavier weight of metal and a larger complement than the Tartar. As for the engagement which followed, it lasted for an hour or thereabouts; and then, on our coming to close quarters and preparing to board, Monsieur hauled down his colours, finding he had no stomach for pikes and cutlasses. Which was his stratagem; and mark the treachery of this bloody villain. For, while we prepared leisurely and unsuspecting to take possession, he bore up suddenly and boarded us. Fortunately, he had to deal with a well-disciplined crew; but the fighting was hand-to-hand for awhile before they gave up the job, and tried to back again to their own deck. There were fifty of them in the boarding party, and not one got back, nor never a prisoner made, such was the rage of our men. So we gave them no more chance for treachery, but boarded in our turn; and hand to hand it was again, till all that was left of them were driven under hatches, where they now remain. There were a hundred and seventy of them when the action began, and we've thrown eighty bodies overboard. Consequently, there are ninety prisoners. Our master, who is as tough a sea-dog as lives, calculates that at this rate—namely, and that is to say, every ship in the King's service taking one French ship a week, killing or disabling half the crew, and taking prisoner the other half—we shall in less than a twelve-month leave his French Majesty never a sailor or a ship to his back, and so he must surrender at discretion. But I don't, for my own part, whether we shall have such good luck as this; and it may be a year and a half or even two years before we are able to make an account of all the French fleets. We have lost twelve, killed and wounded; the second Lieutenant has parted with half an ear, sliced off by a French cutlass, and the master's mate is killed, his brains being blown out by a pistol fired in his face. But we have avenged him, my dear Bess. When the fight was over I drank your health in the ward-room in a tot of rum, being, thank God, without a scratch."

Here was a gap, as if the letter had been interrupted at this point, and resumed later on.

"We are now, my dearest Bess, anchored at Spithead, and about to transfer our prisoners up the harbour to Porchester Castle, where they are to lay by until the war is ended or they are exchanged. 'Twill be a change for them and a rest, and no doubt they will be glad to be out of danger. 'Tis a convenient place for a prison, having two great towers, besides a smaller one, with a high wall all round and a ditch. And if the prisoners do escape, they will find the country-side rejoiced of the opportunity to murder them, being a savage people, and much incensed with all French privateers. So, my sweetheart, no more at present from thy faithful Jack."

"Postscriptum.—Thy true-love knot is round my arm, and I wish my arm was round thy neck. I forgot to say that the prize is the Mont Rozier, of La Rochelle; she is, we hope, to be purchased for the King's Navy—a handy, useful ship, well found. Her captain was killed in the second part of the action. Otherwise, I think he would have been hanged for treachery. I love thee, Bess—I love thee!"

There was a beautiful letter for any girl to receive; full of love and kisses, and of gallant fighting! When I had read it through, she sat awhile perfectly still, the tears running down her cheeks. Then she made me read it again, more slowly, and bade me mark with pencil the passages which most she fancied. She could not read the writing, but she could rest her eyes on those places and remember them. She was quick at catching up and remembering things, and when she had heard the letter read a third time, she knew it all by heart, and never forgot it.

This was the only letter which Jack ever wrote to his mistress. Other letters he wrote to the Admiral, telling him of the wonderful exploits of the Tartar, and of his share in the actions, but never a word more to Bess. The days passed on, and the girl sat, for the most part, in silence, waiting. So sat Penelope expectant of her lord. Still she spoke of him; still she carried his letter in her bosom, wrapped in silk, and would take it out and gaze upon it, the tears rolling down her cheek. If she hoped for another letter, if she felt herself neglected, if she doubted his fidelity, I know not; for she said nothing.

In that interval she grew more beautiful. Her face, thus set upon the contemplation of one thing, became pensive, and her eyes grave. She smiled seldom, and the loud laugh which Jack loved, but which reminded others too much of her former associates, was no more heard. By constant endeavour, by imitation, by refraining from her old companions, and by keeping guard over her speech, she softened, not only her manner, but also her appearance. Poor Bess! What would she say and suffer if she should learn that her Jack had ceased to love her? Yet, what other interpretation could be put upon his long silence? It was at Christmas, 1756, when the Tartar sailed. It was in June, 1760, that Jack returned, and all that time only this one letter, though there had been many written to the Admiral.

"He will find," said Bess, "when he comes home, that I can read very well. And I know the charts of the seas where he has sailed. If only he still will think me beautiful." ♦



"Why, Bess," I told her, "as to beauty, there is no doubt about it. So if that is all there is to fear, have no pain on that score." There was however, a great deal more to fear; but this one dared not so much as to hint in her presence.

"There is a storm brewing," said Mr. Brinjes; "I feel it in the air. I know not what he may think when he comes home: she is a handsome creature, and he may be for beginning all over again. Yet my mind misgives me. Why is there no letter, nor never a word to you, unless he has forgotten her? As for falling in love with another woman, that is hardly likely, seeing the busy life the poor lad hath led. But he hath forgotten her, Luke. Most women look for nothing else than to be forgotten when their husbands and lovers go to sea; they forget and are forgotten. Well—why not? Better so; then they suffer the less when one of the men is knocked off the head and another goes off with someone else when his ship is next paid off. But Bess is different; and we have encouraged her; there will never be any other man in the world for her, except Jack. So, my lad, look out, I say, for squalls."

Of course, we heard news of the Tartar. Did she not fill half the *Gazette*? There never was so fortunate a ship, nor one more gallantly commanded. One cannot enumerate or remember half the prizes that she made in her first year's cruise in the Channel. A month after taking the Mont Rozier, she encountered the Maria Victoria, twenty-four guns and 226 men; and, after a sharp engagement, compelled her to strike. The ship was taken over into the King's Navy, under the name of the Tartar's prize. Then, in April, Captain Lockhart fought the privateer Duc d'Aiguillon, of twenty-six guns and 254 men. The French did not surrender till they had lost upwards of fifty killed and wounded. In May the privateer Penelope, of eighteen guns and 181 men, was taken; and in October the Comtesse de Gramont, eighteen guns and 155 men. She also was purchased into the Navy. But the crown of the Tartar's exploits this year was the chase and capture of the Melampe, of Bayonne, one of the finest privateers ever sent out from port. She was mounted with thirty-six guns, and had a crew of 330 men. The Tartar chased her for thirty hours, and fought her for three hours before she struck. She also was added to the King's Navy, as a thirty-six-gun frigate; and a very useful vessel she proved.

Such achievements as these greatly disheartened the French, and raised our own spirits. They did not, it is true, quite reach the ambitious aims of the Master of the Tartar; yet they called forth the gratitude of the nation. Therefore, at the end of the year, the merchants of London and Bristol combined to present Captain Lockhart with pieces of plate; the First Lieutenant of the Tartar was transferred to the command of the Tartar's prize the Melampe, which was renamed the Sapphire; Jack was transferred to this ship, with the First Lieutenant; and the Master of the Tartar was promoted to be Lieutenant. As for the prize-money due to the officers and men, that amounted to a very pretty sum; but I do not know how much fell to Jack as his share.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### LIEUTENANT AARON FLETCHER.

We, who are always slower than the French—"Lut," said Jack, "we hold on the tighter"—now began to send out privateers on our own account, though for the most part neither so numerous nor so well found as the French. The men were not wanting, nor the spirit, but the prizes were not so many, and the prospect of gain not so attractive to our English seacoast men as to the French. Mention has been made of a ship building in Mr. Taylor's yard at Rotherhithe; Jack was right when he pronounced her fit for something better than a lubberly sugar-ship. She was, in fact, the venture of a company of London merchants, and she was intended from the first for Letters of Marque. A dangerous venture; but there was revenge in it, as well as the hope of profit; and, besides, two or three successful cruises will sometimes cover the whole cost of ship and crew, even if on the next voyage the ship is wrecked or taken. As for a crew, there is not much difficulty in getting volunteers for a privateer, where there is no flogging, and for the most part no discipline, and an officer has very little more authority than he can command with fist and rope's-end. The prospect of taking some rich merchantman from Martinique, laden with a great cargo of spices and sugar, is attractive, to say nothing of the fighting, the chance of which, happily, ever inflames a Briton's heart. No such desperate actions are recorded during this war, as those in which our privateers were engaged. The best privateers-men are said to be not the regular seamen, to whom an action comes as part of the day's work, but those amphibious creatures found all round our coast, and especially about the Channel, who pretend to be engaged in the most innocent and harmless pursuits, and may be found following the plough or driving the quill, or with an apron in a barber's shop, flouring a wig, or even behind a grocer's counter, weighing out pounds of sugar. Yet this is but a show and pretence, and their real trade takes them to and fro across the Channel, to the great detriment of his Majesty's Revenue. Privateering, to such as these, is a kind of smuggling, but a finer kind, which one follows without the necessity of sometimes fighting the King's officers, and sometimes murdering an informer. Moreover, a fat merchantman is a far richer prize to bring home than a boat-load of kegs. Therefore, when the Porcupine (so they called her) was launched, and fitted, and armed with eighteen nine-pounders and two six-pounders for her quarter-deck, there was no difficulty in finding a crew of picked men as good as any on board a King's ship, though lacking in discipline—a hundred and twenty in all. The crew of the Porcupine, indeed, showed the stuff of which they were made, before the ship sailed. It was in September of the year 1757, when the hottest press ever known in the Thames was undertaken, and not only were the lanes and alleys of Deptford, Wapping, and Ratcliff scoured for skulking watermen and seamen—the river being wholly deserted for fear of the press-gang—but also the colliers and ships in the Pool were boarded, and their men taken, leaving no more than two able seamen for every hundred tons, according to William the Third's Act. The gang boarded the Porcupine, but the men seized their arms and threatened to fight for their liberty, whereat the Lieutenant in command withdrew his men and sheered off, judging it prudent not to engage his company of a dozen or twenty with six score resolute fellows.

Meantime, Mr. Brinjes' prediction of misfortune as regards Aaron Fletcher came true—one knows not whether he did anything by his own black arts to bring about the calamities which fell upon him at this time. For, first of all, his boat, as fast a sailer as might be found for crossing the Channel, was picked up by a French privateer, who cared nothing for her being engaged in smuggling or in conveying information or spies backwards and forwards from France to England or from England to France. All is fish that comes to the Frenchman's net. Therefore the Willing Mind was taken in tow, and presently sold at auction in Boulogne Harbour; and so Aaron lost not only his boat but also his crew of three men, who were like rats for wariness, and could speak both French and English.

Thus went the greater part of his business; and he hung

his head, going in great heaviness, and in his cups cursing the Apothecary, whose blood he threatened to spill, for causing his boat to be taken. But worse followed. His boat-building yard had become slack of work, and most of his hands were discharged. This was caused by his own neglect, and might have been repaired by steady attention to business. Unhappily, one night the yard took fire, and everything was burned except the little cottage within the gates, where Aaron lived alone. And then, indeed, he raged like a lion, swearing that he would kill, maim, and torture that devil of an Apothecary, who thus pursued him. But Mr. Brinjes was no whit terrified.

Despite these things, we were all surprised to hear that Aaron was going on board the Porcupine privateer; and still more astonished when we learned that he was appointed Third Lieutenant, his proper place being before the mast, or, at best, bo's'n's mate, or gunner's mate, for he was quite an illiterate fellow, who had learned nothing of taking an observation, except how to make it noon, and knew nothing save by rule of thumb of navigation. However, he knew the coast of France as well as any Frenchman, which was, I suppose, the reason why he was appointed an officer; and besides, he had acquired (and truly deserved), in Deptford, Greenwich, and Rotherhithe, the reputation of being a brave, reckless dog, who would fight like a bull-dog. For such work as was wanted of him, no doubt he was as good as any man who had passed his examination in Seething-lane.

Then Aaron got himself a coat of blue, like that worn by the King's officers (but without the white facings), edged with gold—very fine. This he put on, with white stockings, white breeches, and a crimson sash, with a hanger—for all the world as if he were Lieutenant of the Royal Navy—and a hat trimmed with gold lace. Thus attired, he strutted up the street, the boys shouting after him, till he came to Mr. Westmoreland's shop, where Bess sat at the door, her work in her hand. "Well, Bess," he said, "nothing was good enough for thee but an officer and a gentleman. I am an officer now, and if any man dares to say I am not a gentleman, I will fight him with any weapon he pleases. Since one officer has gone away, Bess, take on with another. Don't think I bear a grudge. Nay, I love thee still, lass, in spite of thy damned unfriendly ways."

"You an officer, Aaron?" Women like fine feathers for themselves, but they are never dazzled with fine feathers in others. "You an officer?" She surveyed him calmly from head to foot. "White stockings do not make a gentleman. Your clothes are grand, to be sure. Pity you have not a better shirt to match so fine a coat." Aaron's linen, in truth, had neither lace nor ruffles, and his cravat was but a speckled kerchief. "Go change thy linen, Aaron, before pretending to be a gentleman. Well," she continued, perceiving that he was, as she desired him to be, abashed by the discovery of this deficiency, "as for thy dress, 'twill serve for a privateer. Go fight the French, Aaron, and bring home plenty of prize-money. But think not thyself a gentleman."

So she went indoors, and left him. I know not whether he bought himself a shirt to match the coat, but I am sure that on board the white stockings and the white breeches were safely stowed away, and a homelier garb assumed.

Aaron's sea-going lasted no great while. The captain of the Porcupine was a certain Stephen Murdon, who had commanded an armed merchantman in the China trade, in which he had seen fighting with the pirates, Chinese and Malay, which infest the narrow seas. He was a very brisk, courageous fellow, skilful in handling his ship; and she being a fast sailer, he was generally able to choose or to decline an engagement, as suited him best. For instance, he would not engage a French privateer if he could avoid so doing, on the principle that it is foolish for dog to bite dog, and because it is the business of the King's ships to clear the Channel of privateers; but with a merchantman, however strong, he was like a bloodhound for the chase, and a bull-dog for fighting. I do not know how much prize-money he would have made for himself, but his owners were at first very much pleased with their venture, and promised themselves great returns. Unfortunately, a circumstance happened which brought the Porcupine's cruise to an untimely end. There were many complaints from Holland against the English privateers, who mistook Dutch for French colours, and treated them accordingly. Captain Murdon was one of those who were suspicious of Dutch colours. Unfortunately, he one day overhauled a Dutch vessel conveying to Amsterdam no less a personage than the Spanish Ambassador; and, on the pretence that she was sailing under false colours, plundered the ship, taking out of her, as the complaint of the Captain set forth, a purse containing seventeen guineas, twenty deal boxes containing valuable stuffs, and three bales of cambric, the whole valued at two hundred guineas. Nor was this all, for this audacious Captain Murdon helped himself as well to his Excellency's chests and cases containing jewels and treasure.

There was a great outcry about this affair, and Captain Murdon (who was very well known to have done it, but it was pretended there was no evidence) hastened to hand over the Porcupine to her owners, paid off his crew, and recommended his officers to lie snug for awhile. I know not who had the booty, but the officers and crew had none. As for himself, he was provided with a ship in the East India trade, so as to get more speedily out of the country. The Government offered twenty pounds reward for the discovery of the ship which had thus insulted a friendly Power; but no one took the offer seriously, and war immediately afterwards breaking out with Spain, no further trouble was taken in the matter. But thus Aaron's chances of prize-money were lost, and he himself returned to Deptford little richer than when he went away. Captain Murdon offered him, it is true, a berth on board his new ship; but Aaron had no desire to go fighting Chinese pirates, and therefore stayed at home. Then he began to pretend that he was putting up his building-sheds again; but, as you shall see, he had no luck: his fortune had deserted him.

(To be continued.)

The annual exhibition of fruit and vegetables at the Crystal Palace was held on four days last week.

The Beaumont trustees have received an anonymous donation of £500 towards the sum they are raising to complete the People's Palace for East London. The construction of the Queen's Hall, the central portion of the building, is being proceeded with.

The Manchester Art Museum, a collection of pictures, sculptures, and works of art, worth £6000 or £7000, was opened on the 7th inst. in Ancoat Hall, the centre of a densely-populated and poor district. Lectures and entertainments are arranged, with a view to the intellectual, social, and moral improvement of the people, and the brightening of their lives.

Under the general title of "The Golden Poets," a charming miniature edition of Wordsworth's smaller poems, printed in gold, with elegant borders to the pages, has been issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Belfast. The same firm publish "Harps of Gold," a small text-book for morning, and "Golden Lamps," a text-book for evening.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1835), with a codicil (dated June 5, 1836), of Mr. William Ferguson, late of the Stock Exchange and of Elm Bank, Hornsey-lane, who died on Aug. 7 last, at Harrogate, was proved on the 17th ult. by Miss Ann Emmott, Alexander James Scrutton, and Frederick Henry Milbank, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £180,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, and household effects to his sister-in-law, Miss Emmott, for life, and then to his issue, as she shall appoint; and other legacies. One-fifth of the residue of his property he leaves upon trust for Miss Emmott, for life, and then for his issue as she shall appoint; and the other four-fifths of his property upon trust for his four children, William Harry, George, Charlotte Maria, and Constance.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1857) of Mr. William Winch Hughes, formerly of No. 1, Wilton-terrace, Park-road, Dalston, but late of The Dell, Grays, Essex, and of Nos. 8 to 10, Osborn-street, Whitechapel, wine-merchant, who died on Aug. 21 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Mrs. Emma Susan Durrant Hughes, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator gives and bequeaths all his property of every kind and description whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1886) of Mr. Charles John Werthington, late of Angus House, Eastbourne, Sussex, who died on July 29 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by Augustus Walter Cruikshank, the Rev. Charles Edward Shirley Woolmer, George Long, and John Charles Werthington, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator bequeaths £300, and his furniture, pictures, locks, jewellery, wines, and effects to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Helen Georgina Werthington; his plate and ornamental china to his wife, for life, and then to his five children: £5000 each to his sons, John Charles and William Clark; £3000 to each of his three daughters, payable on marriage or the death of his wife, and annuities to them, on attaining twenty-one, in the meantime; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his five children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 2, 1883) of Mr. William Pencraft, of the firm of Rucker and Pencraft, 37, Mincing-lane, colonial brokers, formerly of Claremont House, Wellesley-road, Croydon, but late of Heath View, Southborough, Kent, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 22nd ult. by Daniel Henry Rucker, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, for the purpose of giving pensions to the aged Christian poor; £200 each to the Croydon branch or association of the London City Mission, and the Croydon Ragged School; and legacies to friends, servants, and others. The residue of his property he gives to his nephew and partner, the said Daniel Henry Rucker.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1867), with eight codicils, of Lieutenant-Colonel William Thomas Markham, late of Cufforth Hall, Aberford, West Riding of the county of York, and of Solent Cottage, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, who died on July 10 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Colonel Edwin Markham, R.A., the brother, Colonel Francis Richard Charles Grant, and Francis Markham, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator bequeaths £7500, upon trust, for his daughters; and some other legacies. Cufforth Hall, all his freehold and leasehold property, and certain bank stock have already been settled so that his son, William Hope Markham, takes the first life interest, with divers remainders over. His plate, pictures, prints, articles of vertu, furniture, books, and other articles, have been made heirlooms to be held with Cufforth Hall; and the residue of his property is to go with his settled estate.

The will (dated June 8, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 18, 1885), of Mr. William Percival Salmon, late of Ashton Keynes, Wilts, who died on June 7 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Henry Lumsden Battiscombe and Percy Lucas, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture, wines, effects, live and dead stock to his wife, and the use of his plate and pictures, for life; and there are a few other bequests. The residue of his real and personal property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children equally.

The will (dated April 27, 1874), with three codicils (dated Dec. 11, 1878; May 24, 1881; and July 20, 1885), of Mr. William Coleman, late of Sutton, Surrey, veterinary surgeon, who died on Aug. 12 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Mrs. Rebecca Coleman, the widow, and Edward Coleman, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to his wife, and the use of his furniture and effects, and the dividends and interest of £4000, for life, or until she shall marry again. The residue of his real or personal estate he leaves to, or upon trust for, all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1878) of Mr. Andrew Cassels, formerly of No. 51, Cleveland-square, Hyde Park, but late of No. 53, Palace Gardens-terrace, Kensington, who died on Aug. 2 last, at Caen Leys, Ashted, Surrey, was proved on the 28th ult. by Walter Richard Cassels, the brother, and George Arthur Watson, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator bequeaths all his household goods, furniture, plate, jewellery, effects, horses, and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Emma Cecilia Cassels. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on Thursday week, rewards amounting to £222 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and those of shore-boats, for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. During the current year, the institution has saved by its life-boats and by other means, for which it has granted rewards, 364 lives, besides assisting to rescue fourteen vessels from destruction. Payments amounting to £491 were ordered to be made on the 22 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £10 10s., collected on the steam-yacht Ceylon during her recent cruise to the Baltic; and £10, "In Memoriam M. A. Sayce," per Miss Flora Sayce. New life-boats were sent, during the past month, to Newquay, Cardiganshire; St. Ives, Cornwall; and Dornoch, Sutherlandshire. Reports were read from the chief inspector and the district inspectors on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

The steamer Great Eastern, which has for some months been in the Mersey, where she was visited by upwards of half a million of people, left the Mersey on the 7th inst. for Dublin, where the entertainments of various descriptions which have been given on board are to be continued.



# INDIAN COLONIAL AND EXHIBITION

## CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

### A RAMBLE THROUGH THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE COURT.

Residents at the Cape will be glad to know that in no court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition have her Majesty and the Royal family taken a greater interest than in the bright and admirably furnished Queen's-gate annexe, mainly devoted to the Cape of Good Hope. The reason is easily explained. An observant visitor to this engrossing court can obtain a far better idea, it is safe to say, of the fruitfulness and general productiveness of the colony than can be secured by the average voyager to the Cape by the magnificent Royal mail-steamers of the Union Steam-ship Company or by the palatial packets of Sir Donald Currie and Company's "Castle" line. In fine, almost at a glance is brought home to one the vast progress which must have been made there in civilisation since the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, first doubled the Cape in 1496, when King John II. of Portugal bestowed upon it the name of "Cabo De Boa Esperança." By giant strides has the Cape advanced since General Sir David Baird conquered it from the Dutch in 1806, and it virtually thence became a British colony.

The Exhibition rambler very soon has grounds for believing that the immediate future of the Cape will be more prosperous still. If the masterful, courteous, and active Secretary of the Commission, Mr. Sydney Cowper, and his assiduous and acute second, Mr. T. Headley, are fair specimens of the young manhood of the Cape of Good Hope, then never were the prospects of the Cape more hopeful. Sir Charles Mills, K.C.M.G., the Royal Commissioner and Agent-General of the colony,

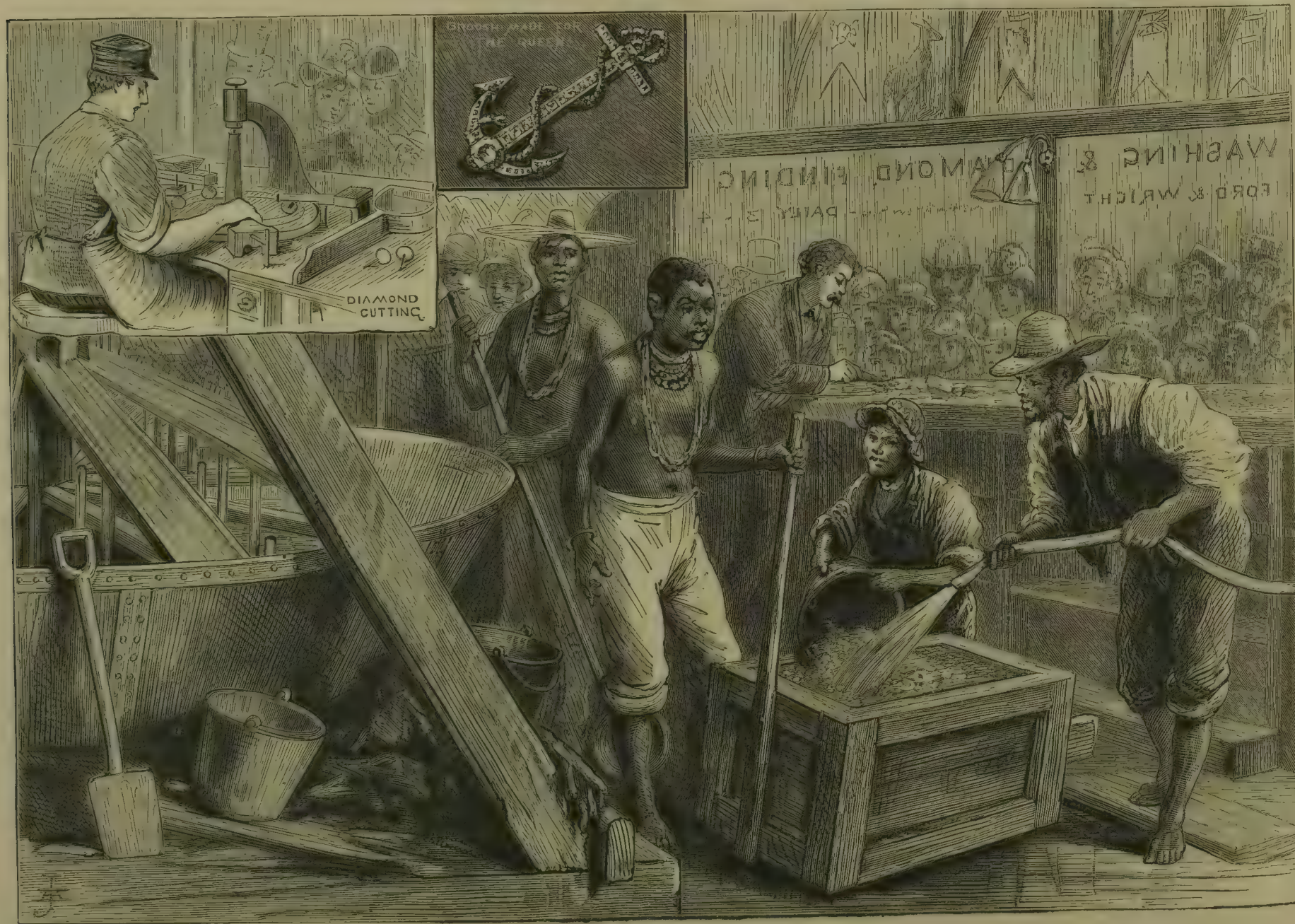
must have found his labours immeasurably lightened, thanks to the organising abilities of Mr. Sydney Cowper, who doubtless received the warm thanks and congratulations of the Hon. J. G. Sprigg, chief Colonial Commissioner, and the trusty and astute Treasurer of the colony, on his arrival in London.

Once within the Cape of Good Hope Court, the rambler notes over the entrance the head of a fine African elephant, apt trophy of the "big game" abounding in this portion of the Queen's dominions. The central and commanding trophy of the southern end is Mr. Rowland Ward's handsome and colossal arrangement of antelopes' heads surrounding another large elephant's head—the Nimrods of this fine collection having been Mr. Selous and Mr. J. S. Jamieson. Below, there is a vivid panorama of Cape Town, with Table Bay and Table Mountain, painted by Mr. J. L. Pickering, of Boro' Green, Kent. And close by is hung an exceptionally large map, which is, naturally, scrutinised closely by those who have relatives and friends settled at the Cape.

The complete representation in the middle of the Cape Court of the diamond mines, washing for diamonds, the diamonds in the rough, and the polishing of diamonds, reasonably attracts greatest attention. Examining the large and excellent model of the Bultfontein Diamond Mine, in Griqualand West, one learns with regret from Mr. Cowper that the miniature engines have been "conveyed" by certain kleptomaniacal members of the British public, but there is yet plenty to interest one in scanning the spider's-weblike appearance of the huge pit with the aerial hauling-gear, the depositing floors, and washing-gear of the miners. This capital model adds eloquent force to the fact that "the daily output of one

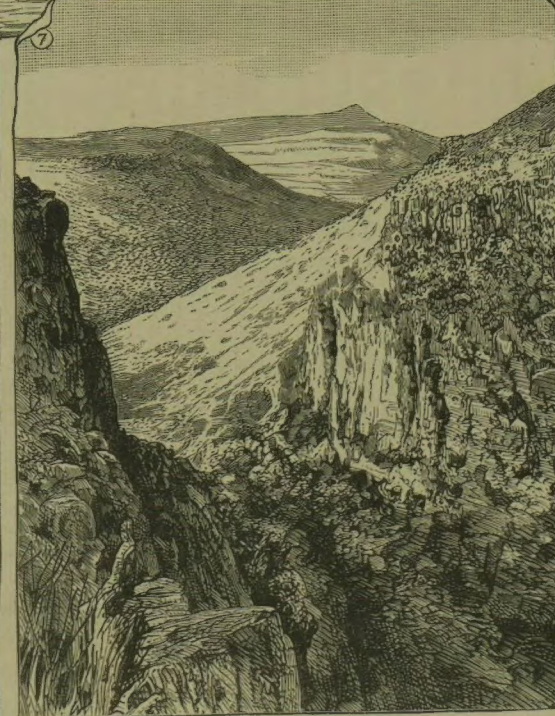
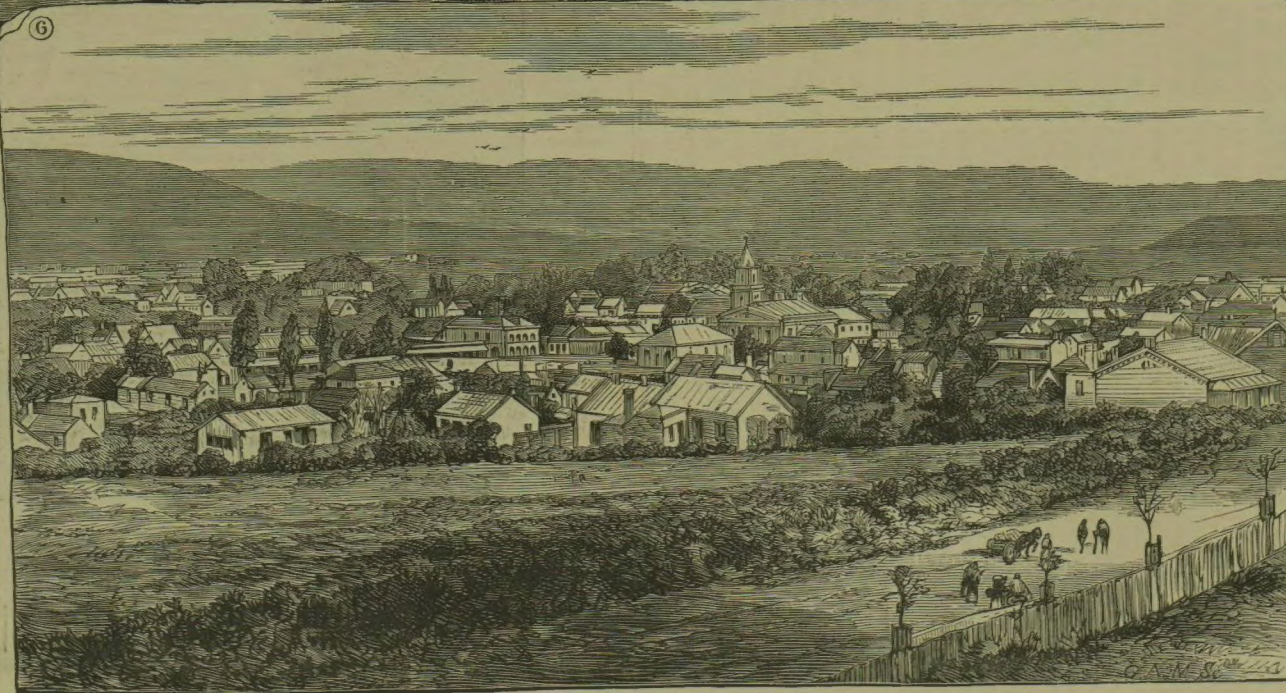
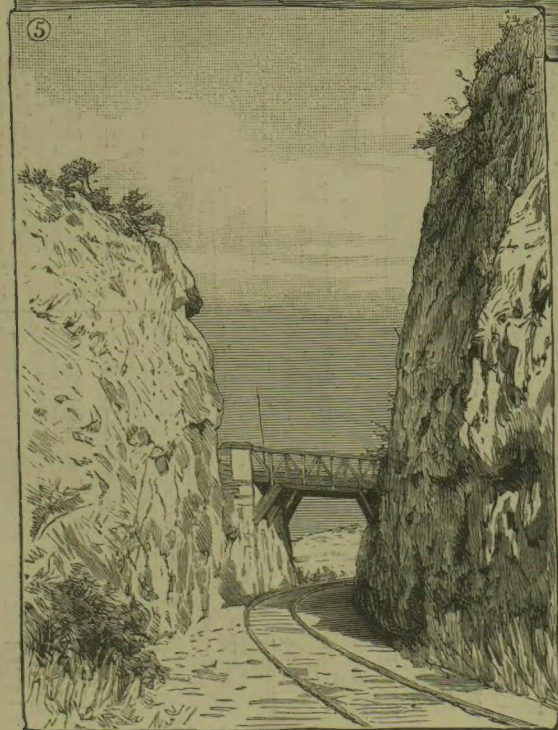
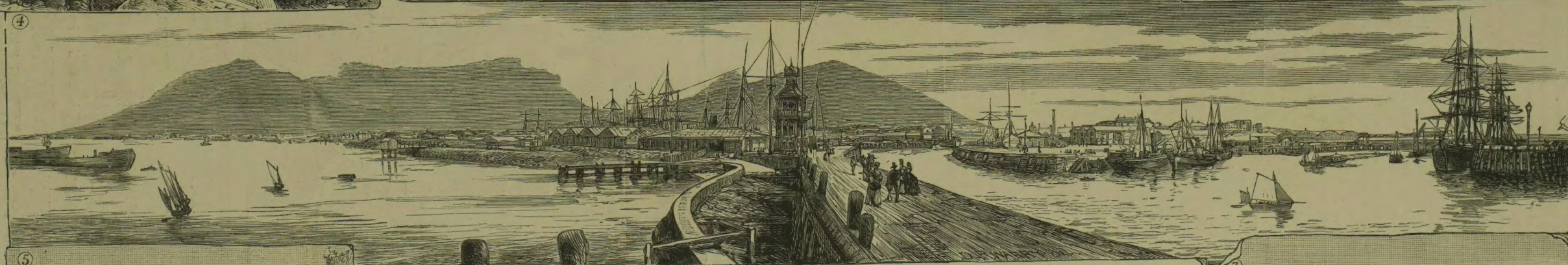
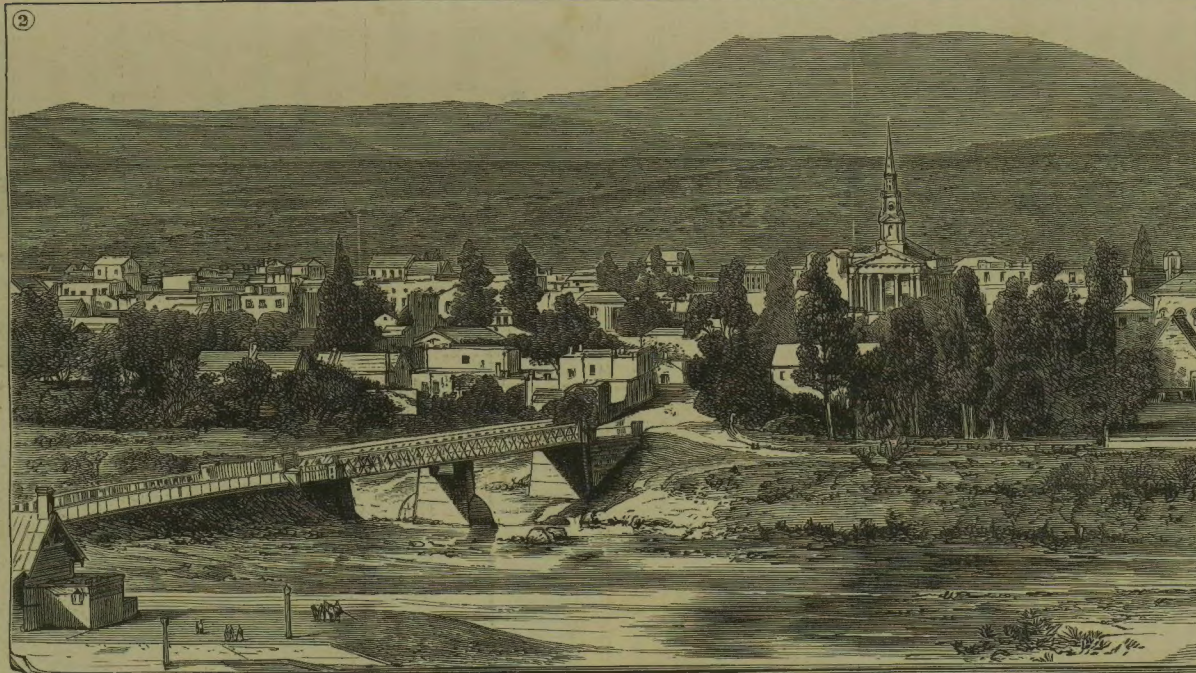
hauling-gear approaches 750 loads of 16 cubic feet. The deepest workings in the mine have reached a depth of nearly 300 ft. from the surface. During the year 2,000,000 loads, approximately, of diamondiferous ground were hauled, yielding about 500,000 carats of diamond, valued at over half a million pounds sterling." We note hard by a group of imitation diamonds, worthless pieces of glass, for one of which a dealer was duped into giving £500. But on the other side are a series of cases of fine real rough diamonds, with polished gems adroitly placed to glitter all the more brilliantly from their juxtaposition to the gum-like stones uncut. These much-admired diamonds in the rough, with others in the matrix, are exhibited by the De Beers Diamond Mining Company, of De Beers; by the Compagnie Française des Mines de Diamants du Cap, of Kimberley; by the Phoenix Diamond Mining Company, Dutoitspan; by the French and D'Esterre Diamond Mining Company, and the Bultfontein Mining Company.

Our first illustration depicts the process of washing the soil for diamonds. It should be understood that the blue-ground is actually brought over in bags from the Cape Diamond Fields, through the agency of the Kimberley local committee. The washing and sorting machinery at the Exhibition is of the type in daily use at the diamond fields, and has been lent to the Commission by Messrs. Davey, Paxman, and Co.; and the operations are carried on by South African natives, under the keen supervision of Mr. Lewis Atkinson, who is the zealous manager for the well-known lapidaries of Clerkenwell-green, Messrs. Ford and Wright. A lucid account of the working of the Rotary Washing Machine is given in Mr. John Noble's admirable and valuable historic official



WASHING FOR DIAMONDS IN THE CAPE COURT.





1. The Valley of Desolation.

2. Cradock.

3. The Pulpit Rock.

4. Capetown Harbour, with Table Mountain.

5. On the Worcester Railway.

6. Town of Port Elizabeth.

7. A deep "kloof" near Graaff Reinet.

VIEWS IN THE CAPE COLONY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.



"Handbook of the Cape of Good Hope." This Diamond Washing Machine consists of an annular-shaped pan, closed by an outer and an inner rim. A vertical shaft rotates in the centre of the open space, and carries ten arms, ranged radially round the shaft, each arm having some six vertical knives or teeth, which are set to be within half an inch of scraping the bottom of the pan. The diamondiferous blue ground, mixed with water, enters through an orifice in the outer rim of the pan, and is stirred up into a ripple by the revolving knives, whereby the lighter stuff comes to the surface, and floats away through an orifice, while the heavier gravel sinks to the bottom. The deposit thus obtained is washed afresh through a cradle by the little Bushman and the muscular Krooman (the Kaffirs have now returned to their native land), and the residue of small stones is heaped on the bench, to be sorted by skilled hands, whose trained eyes soon detect the diamonds. Altogether, the narrative by Mr. Noble of the discovery and working of the Cape Diamond Mines would make a most fascinating romance, as the late Charles Reade clearly divined when he introduced some of the early experiences into one of his marvellously realistic novels.

An enthusiast in the cause of reviving the polishing of diamonds as a British fine art, Mr. Lewis Atkinson fully justifies the confidence bestowed in him by Messrs. Ford and White. He takes infinite pains to show within the work-room of the white-bloused skilled artisans the ingenious process by which the goody yellow Cape diamond found in the rough while her Majesty was inspecting the mode of searching the blue-mould stones, was cut and polished and finally set in an emblematical anchor-brooch by special desire of the Queen. He pays tribute to the zeal with which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Turners' Company have fostered the art, and waxes eloquent on the scientific ingenuity displayed by Sir Henry Bessemer, an inventor of whom we are all proud, in devising new machinery for this gem of a work-shop. Under the same genial guidance, it may be mentioned, their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Princess Mary of Teck, and the Duchess of Albany have each cut the first facet on a diamond. It is under the fire of many eyes that the patient artisans apply themselves to their daily task, there being always numbers of spectators watching them through the glass screen which parts them from the public. Diamond cuts diamond. The rough diamond, as Mr. Atkinson explains, is first placed in a clump of cement attached to the end of a stick, and the stone is rubbed by another diamond similarly fixed till, by a series of well-judged jerks, the expert cuts a facet; the diamond dust falling into a box, and being afterwards used for polishing. The diamond duly cut, it is next handed to a polisher, who inserts the stone in a cone of solder and polishes it on a plate of smooth iron, which revolves at the pace of 2500 times a minute—so swiftly, indeed, that the eye cannot see the plate move. Three or four diamonds at a time are ground by this mill. Thus is the gem made to sparkle with lustrous beauty before the diamond is handed to the jewellers, who set the stones with delicate touch in the adjoining compartment. Outside this miniature workshop, MM. Ford and Wright exhibit a brilliant array of diamond rings, pins, brooches, and other articles of jewellery, valued at from a guinea to £1000, the last-named sum being asked for the superb spray of diamonds. The place of honour is filled by the beautiful diamond anchor brooch made by command of the Queen. When Mr. Atkinson took the fine yellow-tinted stone which figures conspicuously in this truly regal brooch down to Windsor Castle, it appeared that her Majesty shared the prevalent opinion that all Cape

diamonds are yellow. But, so far from this being the case, it seems that full many a gem of rarest white serenity is discovered in the Cape diamond fields, white diamonds being, indeed, found there quite as plentifully as in Brazil and in India. The Royal brooch was set by Mr. A. Thorning.

Loth as one may be to quit the enchanting diamond-ground, Mr. Headley, the indefatigable aide-de-camp of Mr. Cowper, inexorably moves to fresh woods and pastures new in this affluent Cape Court. The rambler has no option but to follow. Rich is the Cape in wools. The fineness of the fleeces is exemplified by the cases of wool exhibited, and also by the stuffed specimens of the merino sheep on view in the ostrich-pen on the eastern side of the annexe. How large the woollen industry has become is indicated by Mr. John Noble, who informs us in his serviceable hand-book (which every emigrant should arm himself with) that, whereas in 1830 the Cape exported only 33,000 lb., in 1884 the colony shipped no less than 34,432,561 lb., of the value of £1,426,108. Mr. Headley, who evidently takes a keen interest in the development of the resources of the Cape, waves his hand approvingly at the light and strong Cape carts, constructed of different timbers, the spokes of one wheel being of the wood from which assegais are fashioned. Opposite the tobacco cases, he opines that the fragrant weed will become in time a thriving industry. Mr. Headley's capacity for terse lecturing is exercised afresh in front of the ostrich incubators, which have proved so expensive that the giant birds are now left to do their own sitting again. The great abundance of grapes and fine quality of the raisins are our cicerone's reasons for believing the wine and fruit exports of the Cape will soon be largely increased. To develop this industry, the Colonial Government has purchased the famous estate of "Great Constantia," where Baron C. Von Babo and other distinguished European viticulturists experiment as to the best methods of vine cultivation and wine making, and at the same time instruct a number of young wine-farmers in the various branches of viticulture. In high repute already as wholesome and pure beverages, the Cape wines should presently be in great request in this country, especially as it is promised that a good, sound, light wine may shortly be imported at the cheap price of twelve shillings a dozen. The plentiful grain harvests of this sunny clime are represented by a regiment of sacks of wheat and other grain in and around the case mainly devoted to the biscuits of the firm of Attwell and Co. Of the splendid show of ostrich feathers, the finest are exhibited by Mr. Arthur Douglass, M.L.A., renowned for his enterprise in the way of ostrich farming, of which he is the authoritative historian in the official handbook. The stuffed specimens of the ostriches in their plumage as they live, to the left of the entrance, and the adjacent glowing paintings of ostrich farms by Mr. C. Orlando, are regarded with the greater interest when one learns that in the year 1832 the export of ostrich feathers from the Cape reached 253,954 lb. in weight, and £1,093,989 in value. Of the many uses to which the handsome crocidolite stone is put—here as pins and brooches, and there as boxes—the most attractive is Mr. Theo. Paton's remarkably fine table, a notable memento of patience and exquisite skill.

Forestry exhibits find Mr. Headley as keen a woodman as Mr. Gladstone himself, the durable qualities of the "stinkwood," "sneezewood," and yellow-wood specimens being warmly advocated by our guide. Apropos of Cape timber, Mr. Cowper may be felicitated upon his happy thought in hitting upon umzin beet as a substitute for lignum vite, which it bids fair to displace as spindles for diamond mills. It may be stated, in parenthesis, that this exceedingly hard Cape wood and

several pieces of Australasian, Canadian, and West Indian timbers were most successfully experimented on at the Stanley Works of Messrs. Ransome, on the Eighth of October, in the presence of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, the Hon. J. G. Sprigg, Colonel Lees, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. H. J. Scott, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Dent, Mr. Lowder, and other of the most hard-working executive Exhibition officers of the different colonies. Mr. Headley's panegyric on the exceptionally bright bits of copper ore exhibited (smelted at Swansea) recalls one to the mineral richness of South Africa, and to the wealth of the Cape Copper Mining Company; whilst the blocks of coal are cited also in evidence of the mineral opulence of the colony. Surely there must be some rich colonist settling in the mother country who would like to secure the elegantly wrought iron gates made by Joseph Lewis, the artistic working blacksmith, of Port Elizabeth. When Mr. Headley has dilated on the rare value of the medicinal herbs exhibited, and the rambler has explored the beautiful conservatory and revelled amid the luxuriant ferns and tropical plants of the Cape, time is up, and, instructive guides duly thanked, this most interesting court is left with a strong determination to revisit it on the very next opportunity that offers. A last word with respect to the page of Views engraved. They are from photographs hung near the office of Mr. Sydney Cowper, and comprise views of Cape Town and Table Mountain from the East Pier head; the flourishing town of Port Elizabeth; the town of Cradock, recommended as a sanatorium for sufferers from diseases of the chest; the Gates of the Valley of Desolation, Graaff Reinet; the Pulpit Rock, Bain's Kloof; Diep Kloof, Graaff Reinet, and a bit of the railway line through the romantic scenery which is general in this salubrious South African possession of the Queen.

On the 7th inst. the opening meeting of the winter session of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at Exeter Hall. Mr. George Williams, the president, and Mrs. Williams received the members, and addresses were given by Mr. Williams, the Rev. Donald McLeod, and Mr. James Stephens. The secretary (Mr. E. J. Kennedy) sketched the programme for the coming session.

At the half-yearly meeting of the East London Waterworks Company, on the 7th inst., reference was made to the allegation that the mains of the company were infested with eels. The statement was declared to be exaggerated, and the engineer said that during the past fortnight in seven cases only had stoppages been traced to the presence of eels, in a district containing a population of 1,170,000.

Mr. J. W. Dod, merchant, of Bristol, has offered £5000 towards the completion of the western towers of the cathedral of that city, which a few years ago were carried to the level of the roof of the new nave. The only condition imposed is that there shall be an undertaking that the work shall be completed. Mr. Dod has also initiated a movement for the erection of a statue to the Queen in the jubilee year, to which he has contributed £100.

On the 7th inst. the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland resumed its deliberations at Belfast. The Rev. Archibald Robinson (Broughshane) was chosen for the chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Catechetics in the Assembly's Belfast College, in the room of the late Rev. John Rodgers, D.D.; and the Rev. Dr. Petticrew, of Faughanvale (Londonderry), was unanimously elected Professor of Theology in Magee College, Londonderry, in the room of the Rev. Dr. Croskey, who died recently.

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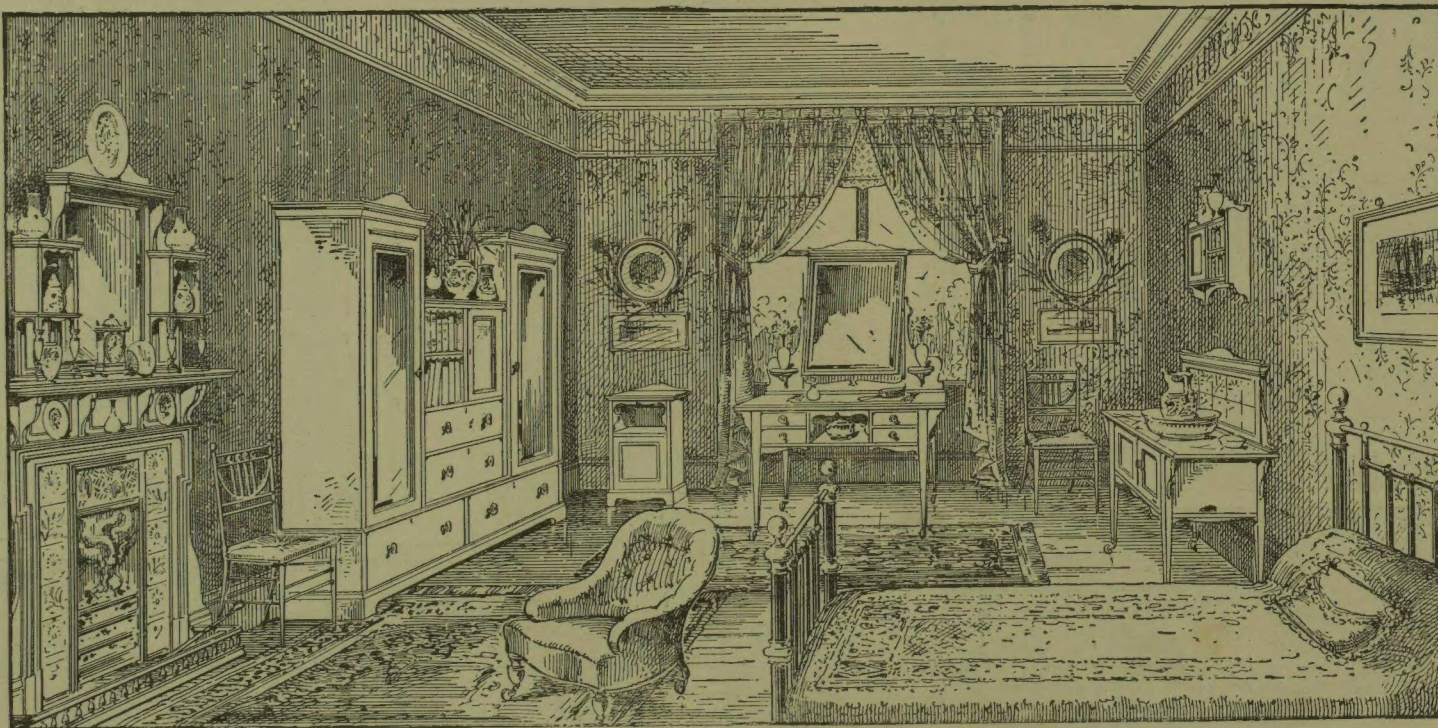
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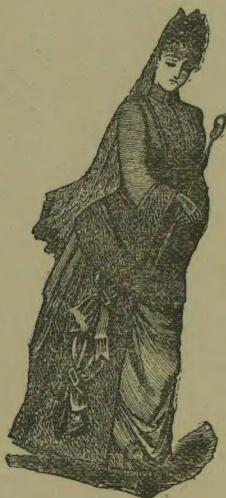


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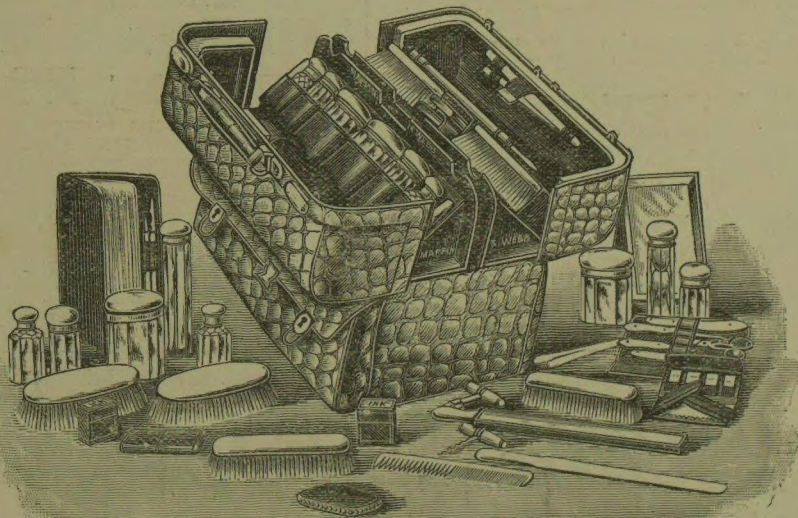
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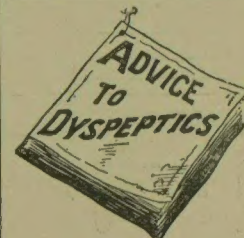
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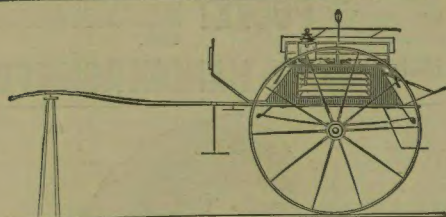


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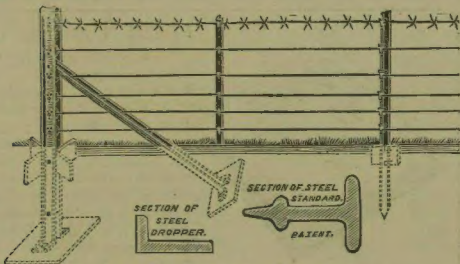
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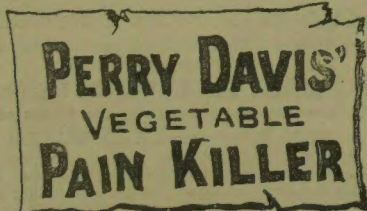
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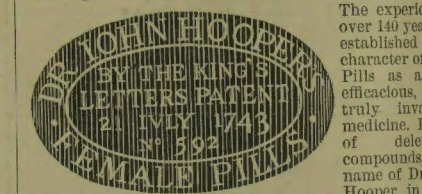
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